THE EVENING TELEGRAPH.

PRICE THREE CENTS.] PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864. [PRICE THREE CENTS.

THIRD EDITION

DEMOCRATIC MEETING AT LOCK HAVEN.

A VILLAINOUS STATEMENT.

President Lincoln Denounced.

Special to the Evening Telegraph.

LOCK HAVEN, November 4.—A large Democratic procession took place here, in Lock Haven, on Thursday, 3d inst. The line was composed principally of women. It was announced that George Northrop, Charles Ingersoll, W. B. Miller, and —— Wright would address the meeting here in the evening; but none of these gentlemen appeared. G. G. Dise, Chairman of the County Democratic Committee, announced to the audience assembled at the Court House, that "these gentlemen, who were expected from abroad, had been prevented from being present by an arrest made by that old villain Lincoln, merely because they were speaking for the Democratic ticket."

The effect upon the citizens of Clinton county was tremendous, and caused much excitement.

THE RAID ON BUFFALO.

A DIABOLICAL PLOT REVEALED.

Its Failure Through the Promptitude of our Authorities.

THE PLAN NOT YET ABANDONED.

CREEK FIRE TO BE USED.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

BUFFALO, November 5.—A letter received this morning from a friendly Canadian, dated at Drummondville, near Niagara, gives the particulars of the designed raid on Buffalo, which only failed, he says, through the promptitude of our authorities. Two Confederate officers, named Mock and Dimic, had charge of the affair. All the arrangements were completed, and they had a hundred men here who had been coming in for a week previous, and were scattered about the city in different boarding-houses. At a signal, these men were to fire the city by means of Greek fire.

Though the plan has failed it is not entirely abandoned, and they swear they will yet destroy Buffalo.

Captain Ottenoth, of the 179th New York Volunteers, has been arrested here and sent to Washington on a charge of being implicated in the soldiers' voting frauds.

The *Express* this morning editorially states that frauds in the soldiers' votes have been discovered in this city.

TREASON IN INDIANA.

SONS OF LIBERTY.

Confessions of a Deputy-Grand Commander.

PROPOSED ASSASSINATION OF GOVERNOR MORTON.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

INDIANAPOLIS, November 4.—Horace Heffern, Deputy Grand Commander of the Order of the Sons of Liberty in Indiana, who for some weeks has been on trial here for a participation in a treasonable conspiracy, to-day turned State's evidence, and made a startling revelation of the schemes of the Order. He said that nobody but Democrats had been admitted into the order, or would be if they applied.

He confirmed the previous evidence of the military organization of the Order, and of the appointment of a Major-General to command it. Dr. Bowles, one of the accused, was commander-in-chief, with a staff, of which Dr. James B. Wilson, recently arrested, was Adjutant-General.

He said that a Committee of Thirteen was appointed to prepare for an insurrection, and that the insurrection was intended to release 30,000 Rebel prisoners in the Northwest, arm them from the Government arsenals, overthrow the State Governments, kill Governor Morton, or hold him as a hostage for expected insurrections, and then form the Northwest into a separate Confederacy.

He said he was told by Adjutant-General Wilson, of Bowles' staff, that $300,000 had been sent by the Rebel agents in Canada into the Northwest, to purchase arms for the Order, and that $200,000 had been left in Indiana, in the hands of Dodd, and John C. Walker, State agent. Wilson showed Heffern $1000 he received from Bowles to buy arms in Washington county.

Heffern further swore that the Committee of Thirteen had appointed ten men to kill Governor Morton, and a few days since the Governor received a letter, signed by one of the men, declaring that the writer and his associates were sworn to kill him, and would do it. Heffern's revelations astounded the Court, though prepared by the previous evidence for part of it. If Governor Morton was killed, Dr. Athon, Secretary of State and a member of the Order, was to take his place, as provided by law, in case of the death or disability of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor.

FROM BALTIMORE TO-DAY.

Special to The Evening Telegraph.

BALTIMORE, November 5.—Political excitement is running very high at present. Extensive preparations are making for the election to-morrow. Prominent lawyers are publishing their opinions regarding the authority and duty of Judges under the new Constitution, all differing widely; but the judges, of whom your correspondent is one, will exercise their own judgment, regardless of outside opinions.

The Copperheads are sore to-day, in consequence of their meeting being interrupted last night. There are many who think that men who are unwilling to take the oath of allegiance, and who openly sympathize with armed rebels, who encourage secession, who vilify the administration, and indicate a want of respect for the American flag, have no right to hold such a meeting in a loyal city.

This may have had something to do with breaking up the meeting last night.

Immense numbers of soldiers are going through here home to vote. They are all for Lincoln. You may put Maryland for Old Abe by fifteen thousand majority certain.

There is no war news. Persons just from Grant's and Sheridan's armies say all is well.

LATEST FROM THE FRONT.

Arrival of Wounded Officers.

RETURN OF THE REBEL MAJOR HUTCHINSON.

The New York Election Frauds.

Special to The Evening Telegraph.

WASHINGTON, November 5.—The United States steamer *Connecticut* arrived here last evening from City Point, with a large army mail and a number of passengers.

The usual picket firing continues at the front, but there is no news of importance. About fifty wounded officers from the hospitals at City Point came up on the *Connecticut*.

The majority of them were wounded in the late reconnoissance, and they are going home to vote.

Some two hundred enlisted men, who are sick and unable for field duty at present, also came up on the *Connecticut*, on short leaves of absence, en route to their homes in the North.

The *Connecticut* brought up the body of Captain D. H. Gonder, of the 81st Pennsylvania Volunteers, to be forwarded to the friends of the deceased.

Major Hutchinson, Assistant Adjutant-General to the late Rebel General Ransom, who was specially paroled to convey Ransom's body south, has returned and surrendered himself to Colonel Ingraham.

Colonel M. J. Luddington, late of the Army of the Potomac, has been appointed Chief Quartermaster, in place of Colonel J. Elton, mustered out of the service.

It has been discovered that the parties engaged in the New York election frauds used the names of Ohio, Massachusetts, and other soldiers, taken from rolls of hospitals and camps in this vicinity; and in filling up the blanks, credited them to New York State regiments. Several thousands of these votes have gone on to New York.

It has been ascertained that in the skirmish on Friday of last week, near Salem, Va., between 150 men of the 8th Illinois Cavalry and 200 of Mosely's men, the Rebels lost six killed, seven wounded, and nine prisoners. The loss on our side was four wounded.

The guerillas were completely routed and scattered in all directions.

THE THREATENED RAID INTO NEW YORK.

The Authorities Prepared to Receive the Raiders.

THE RIVER BANKS PICKETED BY MILITARY.

Meeting of Common Council of Oswego.

NEW YORK, November 5.—Major-General Peck left to-day for the frontier of Canada.

OSWEGO, N. Y., November 5.—Precautionary measures are being taken by the military and civic authorities for the reception of the Rebel raiders, should they attempt to visit this city. A special meeting of the Common Council was held this morning, and a police force appointed to patrol the streets at night.

A detachment of the 48th New York State National Guard were on duty last night. A detachment from this regiment are also picketing the docks of the harbor and river, and guards have been placed at various places in this city.

GUERILLA OUTRAGES IN KENTUCKY.

Sue Munday's Gang of Cut-Throats.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A UNION MAN.

Shooting of Guerillas in Retaliation.

RAID ON RAILROADS.

A Large Amount of Property Stolen.

A NEGRO SHOT AND CARS FIRED.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

LOUISVILLE, November 4.—On Tuesday night Sue Munday's gang of cut-throats surrounded the house of Mr. Harper, two miles south of Midway, made the old gentleman a prisoner, and, without the slightest provocation, murdered their victim in the most cowardly and brutal manner. Mr. Harper was a Union man. This was the only excuse the outlaws had for the perpetration of the inhuman outrage. It does seem that Sue Munday is lost to every womanly instinct, her heart wholly corrupted, and her nature fiendish, for she rejoices in acts of cold blood and every species of crime.

On Wednesday four guerillas, captured in Kentucky, were sent, by order of General Burbridge, from the prison at Wilmington, under guard of a file of soldiers, to Mr. Harpers' residence, near Midway, and there shot to death in retaliation for the murder committed on Tuesday.

We have not been furnished with the names of the men who were shot.

On the night of October 31 another raid was made on the little village of Alnasville, on the Memphis Branch railroad, between Russellville and Clarksville. The guerilla band numbered fifty men, and the several stores of the place were robbed of goods valued at $12,000.

On Wednesday afternoon twenty-five guerillas made a dash into Rocky Hill station on the Nashville railroad. There were two sleeping cars on the track, in one of which was an old negro, who had both legs broken.

They ordered him to get out; but as he could not move quick enough for them, they shot him, set fire to the cars, and burned them, with the old negro. They met William Fox, a private of the 6th Kentucky Regiment, and after robbing him, shot him.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond has been appointed a Brigadier-General.

Counterfeits on the Bank of North America, of Boston.

BOSTON, November 5.—Well-executed counterfeit $10 notes on the Bank of North America, of Boston, are being circulated over the country.

Specie for Europe.

NEW YORK, November 5.—The steamers which sailed to-day for Europe took out over $2,000,000 in specie.

CHASE OF A PIRATE.

United States Gunboat Gaining Rapidly when Last Seen.

PIRATE BURNS SOFT COAL.

NEW YORK, November 5.—The steamer McClellan, from New Orleans on the 31st ult., has arrived. She reports that on November 2, near Flying Fan Shoals, saw a United States gunboat chasing and firing at a large steamer with two smoke-stacks, and burning soft coal. The gunboat was gaining on the Rebel very rapidly.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 4.—There is no news of particular interest to-day. Parties are organizing the whole public auction business throughout the State, and both parties are marshalling their forces, and holding large meetings in every place of consequence.

Major-General Reeve, who lately arrived here, is writing and speaking in favor of McClellan.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONSPIRACY.

THE CONFESSION OF HORACE HEFFERN.

Overthrow of the Government Determined Upon.

GOV. MORTON TO BE MURDERED.

Rebel Prisoners to be Armed and Released.

NONE BUT DEMOCRATS IN THE PLOT.

In addition to our telegram of this morning, we publish the following in relation to the Indianapolis Democratic conspiracy:—

INDIANAPOLIS, Friday, November 4.—The Military Commission now trying Bowles, Milligan, and others, finished the examination of H. L. Zumra to-day, and also the direct examination of Horace Heffern, one of the accused, who took the stand as a witness. Mr. Heffern did not know until he was called on by the Judge Advocate that he would be a witness, and had not consulted with his counsel. His testimony is startling and direct in regard to the conspiracy.

He joined the Order of American Knights in November, 1863, at his office in Salem, Indiana; was elected Grand Senior; attended the State Council February 17, 1864; Dr. Bowles and Mr. Milligan were present; Humphreys and Harvey were not; a committee was appointed on newspapers, and also to find out whether any person initiated had conspired to expose the secrets of the order; Grand Commander Dodd had preferred charges against M. Malott, of Sullivan county, as chairman of the committee, Heffern reported, after a full investigation, that there was not evidence to sustain the charge; the penalty for revelation was death, as he understood from the obligation; officers were elected; Dodd being made Grand Commander; witness, Deputy Grand Commander; Milligan, Walker, Humphreys, and Major McGrain of Harrison county, were elected Major-Generals; the districts were altered, and Bowles was elected in McGrain's place; never attended the meeting of the State Council of June 14; the Order was composed entirely of Democrats; he never knew a member who was not a Democrat, and no one of another party could have got in unless he professed to be a Democrat—but was a Democrat; there were two organizations in the Order—the civil and the military—one within the other.

The civil organization, which comprised the mass of the members, he considered merely political, to bring out a full Democratic vote and insure a party success. It was understood that the Administration party would not allow the Democrats a fair vote, and they had determined to have a "free vote or a free fight." The military organization was confided to a committee of the Order unknown to him. The purpose of the organization was to separate the Northwest—Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky—from the Eastern States, and from a Northwestern Confederacy, or join the South; this was not communicated to the members of the civil organization; he would not have known it out for his official position as Deputy Grand Commander; the military plan was probably known to the leaders, and to the Committee of Thirteen, who were known only by the Grand Commander and themselves; expecting to control the civil organization by their influence. Dodd was a military leader, but Dr. Bowles was above him; the military officers were above the civil, and controlled and directed the arming of the Order and its military movements; he learned this from James B. Wilson, Adjutant-General on Dr. Bowles' staff; from him he got all information about the Order; was with Wilson after his return from French Springs, where Bowles lived; he never understood that the rank and file of the Order were to be armed at its expense, but at their own; those under control of the military officers were to be armed at the expense of the Order, the military chiefs detailed men to go into the various townships and pick out a certain number of men to be armed; reports of amount of arms and ammunition on hand were taken by these men and reported to the Briarean Brigade, and thence in secret cipher to the county temples and State Council; Dr. Wilson once, on his return from Bowles's, where several members of the Order were residing, the draft, pulled out a roll of twenty of one thousand dollars, which he had just got from Mr. Bowles to purchase arms, and said there was plenty more where that came from; he said half a million of dollars had been sent to Milligan, Illinois, Kentucky, and other States, by Rebel agents in Canada, to procure arms for the Order in these Western States. Dodd and Walker had received $100,000 each; Bowles had received the money for his part of the State; it was to be expended for arms and ammunition for the military part of the Order of American Knights or Sons of Liberty; he learned this from Wilson in June, 1864, about the time of the Grand Council at Indianapolis; never heard how or to whom they were to be distributed, but supposed they were for the Order; was expected to be used by the leaders for a revolution to set aside a Northwestern Confederacy, and, that failing, to join the South; in the February meeting of the Council, arming the Order was talked over by the members conversationally, and by Dr. Bowles and others; on the 16th of August he learned there was to be an uprising, and Rebel prisoners to be released in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; the arsenals in these States to be seized, and the prisoners armed with the arms taken from them; Governor Morton was to be taken and held as a hostage for such conspirators as might be taken prisoners; in this uprising Dr. Athon was to be Governor by virtue of the State law, which provided that the Secretary of State shall be Governor in the case of a vacancy caused by death or other removal of Governor or Lieutenant-Governor; Athon was to call out the militia, and the Order would have things their own way; in case they failed to secure Morton as a prisoner, he was to be made away with, but witness never understood how; the State Government was to govern as usual; this revolution was to be accomplished by the military part of the order, and as many others as they could bring into it under the excitement of the movement; this scheme was not imparted to any but members of this Order, and to the leaders of the Democratic party only so far as they were members; think Dr. Wilson said, when he was at Chicago, that the Committee of Ten would take care of Governor Morton; ten members of the Order were selected for that.

Mr. Dunham, counsel for the accused, purged himself of any knowledge that Heffern was to turn State's evidence.

Mr. Heffern has been one of the most prominent leaders of the Democratic party in this State. His testimony shows up some of the hideous features of this conspiracy, which Mr. Bingham failed to disclose.

The cross-examination of Heffern will be made at two o'clock, Thursday, November 10, to which time the Commission adjourned.

James B. Wilson, of Washington county, Bowles's Adjutant-General, has been placed under arrest.

THE ELECTION IN THE ARMY.

The Votes of the Pennsylvania and New York Soldiers.

THE CHARGE OF THEIR DETENTION REFUTED.

Card of Postmaster Bowen, of Washington.

Special to The Evening Telegraph.

WASHINGTON, November 5.—The New York *Express* having charged that New York and Pennsylvania soldiers' votes for McClellan are detained in the Post Office here, Postmaster Bowen denies the allegation most emphatically, and publishes the card of an assistant clerk and superintendent of the mails, who also denies the charge.

Both these gentlemen have been connected with the post office for many years, and are McClellan men. Indeed, it was discovered some time ago by Postmaster Bowen, on calling for the home like forwarding of letters to all the soldiers. A thousand per day have come to New York for some time.

THE REBEL TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

The Mobile "Register" Congratulates Itself Upon Encouraging News.

THE EXPLOITS OF SHELBY.

NEW YORK, November 5.—The New Orleans *Times* of the 26th contains extracts from the Mobile papers of the 19th and 20th, which say:—"Concerning the trans-Mississippi Department, a Government messenger has just arrived from Shreveport with the most important dispatches ever brought from that quarter.

"Although," says the *Register*, "we cannot give particulars, still we may assert that the news is of the most important and encouraging nature. Shelby was near the Arkansas line, capturing forts and destroying Steele's railroad bridges.

"Slaughter was in Arkansas, operating in the most vigorous manner, and he swears that Steele and himself cannot live long in the same State."

CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER "LADY STIRLING."

WASHINGTON, November 5.—A dispatch from Admiral Porter, dated this morning, communicates the intelligence of the capture of the blockade-runner *Lady Stirling* on Friday night, October 28, by the United States steamers *Eolus*, *Calypso*, and *Fort Jackson*.

She had 980 bales of cotton aboard, and is of a thousand tons burthen. She is now at Beaufort with her engines disabled. The steamer is described as a beautiful paddle-wheel vessel, built by Ash, of London, for T. S. Rigbie.

Her engines are of three hundred horse power, and she is reported to be very fast, making seventeen knots an hour.

She sailed from London in August last, and succeeded in entering Wilmington, but was captured while endeavoring to run out. The vessel and cargo are estimated to be worth at least $800,000.

Markets by Telegraph.

NEW YORK, November 5.—Flour has advanced [illegible]; sales of 10,000 bbls at $8 [illegible] for superfine State; $8 [illegible] for extra State; $8 [illegible] for superfine Western; $8 [illegible] for common to medium extra Western; $8 [illegible] for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio; $8 [illegible] for trade and family brands do. Wheat heavy. Corn [illegible] cents better. Oats [illegible] cents better. Beef steady. Pork heavy; sales of 3000 bbls at $25 [illegible] for mess; $20 [illegible] for prime mess; $18 [illegible] for prime. Lard [illegible] cents better; sales of 1000 bbls at 16½ cents. Whiskey dull.

NEW YORK, November 5.—Stocks are heavy; Chicago and Rock Island, 104; Pittsburg, 97½; Illinois Central, 126; Michigan Southern, 80; New York Central, 140; Reading, 146; Cumberland preferred, 72; Canton, 58; Erie, 96; Cleveland and Pittsburg, 90; Cleveland and Toledo, 120; Rock Island, 104; Fort Wayne, 103; Illinois Central scrip, 96; Galena, 103; Chicago and Northwestern, 61; do. preferred, 81; Quicksilver, 61; Mariposa preferred, 43; Ohio and Mississippi scrip, 31; Ohio and Mississippi, 61; Pacific Mail, 220; Mexican, 34; Gold, 2.34½.

BALTIMORE, November 5.—Flour has declined 12½. Wheat has declined [illegible] cents. Corn very dull. Whisky dull at $1.36. Coffee steady.

FROM MISSOURI.

The Recent Defeat of Price.

ARREST OF GENERAL BROWN.

Some fifty additional prisoners arrived in town this morning, captured by our forces from Price's retreating columns. These were taken about forty miles out. Price's retreat is reported to be most precipitate. The road is lined with his cast-off plunder. Wagons, waggles, everything are strewn the wheels of his batteries, as thrown aside to lighten their loads.

We learn that General Pleasonton put General Brown under arrest last week, and turned his command over to the ranking officer. Brown, it is said, was disobeying, and disobeyed orders in not attacking the enemy as directed, and thereupon promptly relieved him.—*Kansas City Journal, October 28.*

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER AND QUARTER SESSIONS—Judge Thompson.—The action against Squire Campaign Club.—William Hutchinson was put on trial yesterday, charged with committing an assault and battery on Reserve Officer Loveless, with intent to kill, and also charged with carrying concealed deadly weapons. The affray grew out of the disturbance in front of the Keystone Club headquarters on Chestnut street, on last Monday evening. The soldiers' Union Campaign Club were returning from a parade, and it is alleged, were attacked at the headquarters.

An officer having a prisoner in custody who was endeavoring to effect his escape, called for assistance, and Officer Loveless hastened to his aid. He was then struck with a black-jack over the eye and badly wounded. Several witnesses positively identified the defendant as the man who dealt the blow. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty on both bills of indictment, and this morning Judge Thompson sentenced him to two months' imprisonment on the bill charging the assault and battery with intent to kill, and one months' imprisonment on the bill charging him with carrying concealed deadly weapons.

THE NEW YORK JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION.—Mr. Theln, the actuary of the New York Jewelers' Association, had a hearing this morning on a writ of *habeas corpus*, on charges of setting up and maintaining a lottery, and giving concerts without a license. The defendant contended that the entertainment given at the Academy of Music was covered by the license of that establishment, and that the distribution of prizes thereat was not a lottery within the meaning of the Act of Assembly.

Judge Thompson held that the license of the Academy of Music did not extend to or embrace every specific entertainment given thereat, and that the drawing of prizes by chance was a lottery. The defendant was remanded for trial.

Nothing of importance transpired in the other Courts.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

(For additional City Intelligence see third page.)

STATE OF THERMOMETER TO-DAY.—Six A. M., 44. Noon, 48. One P. M., 42½. Wind, N. N. W.

DISHONEST DOMESTIC.—This morning, Elvira Bush, a domestic employed at the residence of Dr. Behring, Ninth and Arch streets, was arrested upon the charge of stealing a diamond ring, valued at $500. She will have a hearing this afternoon.

DECISION.—This morning Judge Allison decided that the officers of new election precincts elected in October shall conduct the election in November.

THE GREAT UNION MEETING TO-NIGHT.—The grand mass meeting of the National Union party, to take place in Independence Square, will, without doubt, be an immense outpouring of the people. The display of fireworks, for grandeur, will greatly exceed anything of the kind hitherto produced. A *carte blanche* has been given by the Union League to Professor Jackson, the celebrated Philadelphia pyrotechnist, to produce a display. He promises to exhibit the following pieces:—

1. Star of Columbia—A beautiful figure with revolving centre, changing to a bright star, embellished with the national colors of red, white, and blue.

2. Liberty Tree—Commencing with a revolving centre of carmine, purple, and gold, and gradually expanding into a magnificent Liberty Tree, with gold and silver foliage.

3. Revolving Star of Washington—This superb representation, with a beautiful wheel of revolving stars, after many pleasing figures, is introduced into a most brilliant receiving star, decorated with jewels of every hue.

4. Palm of Justice—Changing from a cluster of ruby, emerald, and gold into the glorious orb of day.

5. Goddess of America—This most gorgeous piece has a beautiful revolving centre of gossamer, Maltese, and American stars, changing rapidly into a figure of most dazzling brightness.

6. Bouquet—A beautiful figure, unfolding from a wreath, erupted with scintillations of gossamer, Maltese, and American fires, and closing into a bouquet, dwelling in splendor Flora's choicest treasures.

7. Columbia's Tree of Honor—A rich and elegant figure, representing in a beautiful combination the American Coat of Honor, and respectfully dedicated to our brave volunteers.

8. Arms of the American Union—This very beautiful piece commences with an illuminated wheel of crimson, purple, and resembles fires; after which will appear the national shield, surrounded by the words "Union League," in letters of silver fire.

9. Tribute to Beauty, and respectfully dedicated to the Union ladies of our country, commencing with a revolving centre of Crimson, Maltese, and jessamine, illuminated with crimson, purple, and gold, changing suddenly into a most splendid figure, glittering with every color known in the pyric art.

10. Sun of Freedom—This most superb figure opens with a centre of ruby, purple, and gold; after many pleasing variations it will expand into a most brilliant sun, intersected with rubies, amethysts, emeralds, and fixed silver stars; the whole surmounted with coruscations of exceeding great lustre, terminating with rockets.

The whole to end with a magnificent piece arranged expressly for this occasion. The figure represents a grand triumphal arch, in which will appear in letters of silver fire, Lincoln and Johnson, surmounted by the American eagle, bearing about our flag in triumph, flanked on right and left by figures of coruscating brilliancy; the whole interspersed with myriads of stars of every hue, forming one of those thrilling spectacles alone produced by the pyric art.

The exhibition to be interspersed with fountains of variegated stars and colored fires.

Distinguished speakers from abroad will be present. Let the people turn out in their strength, and administer a just rebuke to treason and traitors.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE JAMES CAMPBELL.—This morning the funeral of James Campbell, who was killed during the rioting at Sixth and Chestnut streets, on last Saturday night, took place from his late residence, at No. 1131 S. Tenth street, above Federal. Several hundred persons gathered in front of the house to witness the departure of the funeral. It was attended by the Keystone Club, Democratic Central Club, and the Eighth Ward Democratic Club, all of whom turned out in strong numbers. A band of music was in attendance, and followed in line, playing a funeral dirge. The funeral services took place in St. Paul's Church, and the interment at the Cathedral Cemetery.

At Tenth and Wharton streets a disturbance occurred, which at first threatened to take a serious turn. One of the club made an attack on an individual standing on the sidewalk viewing the procession. The cause of the assault we could not learn. Some said it was on account of a Lincoln badge which he exhibited on his breast; while others alleged that he made some disrespectful remark in reference to the funeral. Fortunately, the police interfered and the disturbance was soon quelled.

PARADE OF BOUNTY JUMPERS.—This morning nearly a whole battalion of bounty jumpers made a grand street parade down Broad street to the Baltimore depot. They were under a heavy guard, and were on their way to the front. The battalion made an imposing display. First came a herculean negro, then about twenty agents, handcuffed and tied two and two to a long chain. Then followed the same rank and file members of the battalion, in two ranks, each in select "bounty jumper" On each side marched a row of guards with fixed bayonets, the band playing the Rogue's March, brought up the rear.

Such another collection of villainous "mugs" we have not seen for a long time. Large crowds thronged the sidewalks while the scoundrelly outfit was passing, and seemed to enjoy the procession amazingly, while the jumpers and their agents did not seem to appreciate the joke. Some of them looked distant, while others wore a hang-dog, sheepish look. The ponderous Ethiopian in front was in some way identified with the association as a clothing broker—furnishing the jumpers with citizen's clothing. They cheered lustily for McClellan as they marched away.

THE SUBSTITUTE BUSINESS.—Since the passage of the ordinance by City Councils providing that recruiting shall go on, and that all enrolled citizens who furnish a substitute shall receive a certain sum from the city, the substitute business is again becoming active.

The men who offer themselves for substitutes hail principally from New York and Boston, though some are brought from the Canadian Provinces. Some of the substitutes pass through the hands of three classes of substitute agents before they receive their pecuniary consideration.

The first named agents are the ones who collect squads of the men in large cities, and bring them on to the smaller cities and towns, where they are transferred into the hands of other agents for a liberal margin of profit.

The second class agents then transfer the men, by cars and twos, wherever there is a demand for them, into the hands of the third class men, who attend to the preliminaries of the enlistment of the substitutes and receive the amount from the hands of the person desiring exemption. Generally, however, the substitutes pass through the manipulation of but two sets of agents; the first named agent receiving about $100 per man, and the second named agent receiving $50 per man, the substitutes generally receiving a sum not less than $500. Some of the astute dodgers a very lucrative income from the business, though coupled with it are many liabilities to losses, and to heavy expenses in procuring the sound men who are willing to go as substitutes.

ROUTE OF THE UNION PASSENGER RAILWAY.—Many of our citizens are at a loss to know the route contemplated by the Union Passenger Railway Company, the track of which was recently laid. The Fairmount and Navy Yard route commences at Fairmount Park, at Brown street and Pennsylvania avenue—down Brown to Twenty-third, down Twenty-third to Wallace, down Wallace to Franklin, down Franklin to Race and Seventh, down Seventh to Federal, down Federal to Front and Navy Yard gate, down Front to Wharton, up Wharton to Ninth, up Ninth to Spring Garden, up Spring Garden to Twenty-third, up Twenty-third to Brown, up Brown to the Park.

The Richmond route commences at York and Thompson streets, West on York to Emerald, down Emerald to Susquehanna avenue, out Susquehanna avenue to Fourth street, down Fourth to Oxford, out Oxford to Franklin, down Franklin to Race, thence into Seventh, down Seventh to Locust, up Locust to Ninth, up Ninth to Spring Garden, down Spring Garden to Seventh, up Seventh to Master, down Master to Frankford road, up Frankford road to Belgrade, up Belgrade to Marlborough, up Marlborough to Thompson, up Thompson to place of beginning.

ARRIVAL OF A FIGHTING BRIGADE.—This morning the following Philadelphia regiments—the 82d, 114th, 119th, and 138th, composing one of the fighting brigades of the old 6th Corps, and just from Sheridan's army, arrived here, where they are ordered to report. The brigade is under the command of Colonel Isaac C. Bassett, and the boys are delighted at their good luck in being ordered home. The veterans attracted the attention of hundreds of spectators. The appearance of so many of them at one time in our city is a rare occurrence. They all appeared in the best spirits, and showed signs of having passed through a severe campaign.

OFF TO FORT DELAWARE.—The Union League Regiment (100 days' men), Colonel H. Neff commanding, which arrived here this week, left the city this morning for Fort Delaware.

CHANGE OF TACTICS—

BY THE HAND OF TOWER HALL.

What different measures we pursue,
Now that cold weather is in view,
From those we planned
A few weeks since, for summer use.
Alternate bringing sultry days
And cooling island!

The doors, which then stood open wide,
We now with strips of list provide,
Excluding each crack;
And so, thick carpets on the floor
Replace the matting which it wore
A short time back.

Blankets and stoves again are brought,
In lieu of cool and airy suits
To have a watch
Lest in of fuel that shall raise
A ready, cheerful, burning blaze,
The cost to stock.

While jeans and vests and flimsy coats,
On which the youth in summer doats,
Are laid aside;
And for each one of a wool weave,
Now Tower Hall must Lemonia wave
Busy grande.

Before your clothing from our Ready-made stock, and therefore every goods equal in style, fit, material and workmanship to any made to order, at 25 to 50 per cent. lower prices. We have a full and complete assortment of the newest shapes and most desirable styles of goods, purchased at the lowest prices of the season, for cash exclusively and sold for cash exclusively, there can at the lowest prices possible. All can be fitted at once from our stock, without delay or trouble.

TOWER HALL, No. 518 Market street.
BENNETT & CO.

CANDEE & BROTHER have a full assortment of Toys for the Holidays, Second street, below Poplar.

PURCHASERS may rely upon getting the best Furs at Charles Oakford & Son's, Continental Hotel.

ANOTHER BENEFIT from that talented lecturer and complete letter writer, Mr. WARD:—

SECRETARY SEWARD'S AWAY, November forth, 1864

Wile I was waitin hear for the emmergrant trane to start, that holds but 60 the male trane sits shed, sowe me to run into it or Jonny Maxwell's, for I would rite about the velvet weskit you sent me and how it shone off, until a dirgustin feller with a wholishly taste strew an egg at it and hit it, kompletese spilling the shape of sed egg (I mite ad it wez spiled in other particklars but be thiss it) and kum nere spilin the weskit, it only leaves me this adwantige, I can now say, "I am never without a seat in my weskit pockes." (Goak). Tell yure printer 2 put this in yure advertizements, and I will stop and git the voice of it out in one price close.

I see in the papers last nite, that yure ekity is now exsempt from the draft to the heated feeld, if they need it a few more men. I know not wat others may do, but for me, I can't go. Upon a right consideration on my frailkle man, I find it would be wus ner usuals for me 2 undertake a campaine, so will stay.

1. I'm bald-feelid, and hev bin obliged to ware a wig these 22 yeres.

2. I hev dandruff in wat scanty hair still hengs round my venwrable temples.

3. I hev a mole kstarr, besides in my brest a mark that looks like tarr on the outside of sed weskit.

4. I hev lost, sence Stanton's order to draft, the use uv wun I entirely, and hev krooin inflamashun to the other.

5. My teeth is all unsound, my palit aint exsecktly rite, and I hev had bronkeytis 27 yeres last Jooa. At present I hev a boil, the pervokins uv which is trifsom 2 behold.

6. I'm boiler-chested, and short-winded, the wurds of my landlord 2 the kontrary notwithstandin'.

7. I'm afflicted with kroole diarrear and nostvelsa. The money I hev paid for DAVENEES Karmynative balsam and pills would astonish almost enybody.

8. I am ruperkeined in 6 places, and am entirely enveloped with trusses—so mutch so that I with my close on I'm subject 2 bad it a (nother goak). I don't spose my politikle pinions with air with the prosekkoshon of this unenatooshual war wood hev any wate with a dractin ortser, but the abuv reesons, I shood think wood be sufficient. I will soon be in Philly doiry, 2 mak arrangements about my neekst place, and if I hev a good house not 2 many sed boils, I will git at yure house an intirely new root. Yures in E pluribus vonuism

A. WARD showman.

TO CHARLES STOAKS & COMPANY.

WUN price taylors, inside the Kontinental hotis.

THE VARYING TEMPERATURE OF THE SEASON is rapidly producing colds, coughs, and pulmonary affections of all kinds. Persons with weak lungs should now be especially careful; and what may seem trifling coughs and colds ought to have immediate attention. The careless indifference which waits for "a cold to go as it came" in many cases results in laying the seeds of consumption. For such neglect of one's health there is no excuse, as Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant can be readily procured, and is the standard remedy for all coughs, colds, and pulmonary affections, its long established reputation being a guarantee of its efficacy. Prepared only at No. 242 Chesnut treet.

CALL ON CONWAY & BROTHER for your Toys and things for Christmas Holidays.

LADIES' FURS.—An elegant assortment at Charles Oakford & Son's, Continental Hotel.

From the Philadelphia Press.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—THE AGE OF PROGRESS AND INVENTION.—We are lost in amazement when we look around us and contemplate the numerous inventions and improvements that have been made in labor-saving machinery within the last few years. To comment the wonders that have been accomplished in this direction would, indeed, be a herculean task. Could our forefathers leave their peaceful graves, and revisit the scenes of this "mundane sphere," they would certainly think they had made a mistake, and had gotten into the wrong world, so changed is the aspect of things since they bade it adieu. Imagine their surprise at seeing the earth reaped with iron hands, and thousands of mighty, never-tiring iron horses, with long trains of human freight, coursing in every direction, at what would seem to them a break-neck speed! And what would be their astonishment at learning that their descendants are doing business by lightning, and are leading converse with each other a thousand miles away, between the rising and the setting of the sun! Think, too, of the delight of those who were "rulers of the soil," on beholding the work of the farm rendered easy and expeditious by machinery, whilst their children are performing the larger portion of their home-hold duties by the same mighty agent!

Hooray and thanks, then, to the noble men who have devoted time to and possibly such immortable thoughts, and rendered labor a pleasure rather than a drudgery.

Let "Stephenson and the steam engine," "Fulton and the steamboat," "Morse and the telegraph," "McCormick and his reaper," "Goodyear and his rubber goods," "Howe and his sewing machine," and all the inventors and improvers that have contributed so much to the comfort and prosperity of the nations of the earth, ever be held in grateful remembrance. To them is due universal thanks! And let the "gentlemen, the late daughters of America, especially—noble in expressing their gratitude to one who, amongst so many, gave them so much comfort, and afford them opportunity for healthful recreation and intellectual improvement, enriched with poverty through many weary months in the pursuit of his darling object, for them ever remember Elias Howe, Jr., and the celebrated sewing Machine.

Of all modern improvements none have proved more important than the sewing machine, and none, we believe, have been more successful in its achievements. For years after its introduction, though universally acknowledged to be an improvement in the habits of social life, it remained practically useless, inasmuch as it confined it to general education. But time and talent have triumphed, and to the "Florence sewing Machine Company, of Florence, Massachusetts, is due the honor of producing the best sewing machine—a machine that, as the events in subsequent years as a phenomenon since the old wooden clock, or an Erie railroad locomotive down Chestnut street. Indeed, so great is our faith in the "Florence" that, were the enterprising manufacturers invoke us for an inscription for the "coat of arms," we should declare "the Arms of Perfection" the most appropriate.

Hundreds of the "Florences" are now in practical operation in Philadelphia and vicinity, and of thrones of people, busy clerks, and rows of cases awaiting transportation, be at all indicative of prosperity, then must the "Florence" Company be on the high road to fortune, for their salesrooms daily present one of the most active, business-like scenes in our city.

In conclusion, we would advise all those who feel an interest in the "wonders of the nineteenth century" to visit the "Florence" salesrooms, at No. 630 Chesnut street, and examine what may justly be termed the perfection of Sewing Machines.

INCREASED FACILITIES enable Conway & Brother to supply Notions very low.

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S HATS.—Latest style at Charles Oakford & Son's, Continental Hotel.

GERMON'S TEMPLE OF ART, No. 914 Arch street. Presents at all times to make photographic views of ships, buildings, country seats, interiors, &c.; drawings and old pictures copied in a superior manner. Composition heads copied and compositions solicited to our imperial photographs—pronounced unsurpassed by superior judges.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—Beautiful, natural, and lifelike specimens are made at E. F. Belmer's, No. 624 Arch street; life-size Photographs in oil colors, Ferrotypes, and Cartes de Visite.

WHEN YOU want Toys to sell, Conway & Brother supply them at the large store on Second street.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—All the latest styles at Charles Oakford & Son's, Continental Hotel.

THOROUGHLY TESTED.—MRS. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum has stood the test for twenty years. Millions of bottles sold every year. It is not a dye, and differs from all other preparations, as it contains the specific ailment which is the life of the hair. They are unequalled for restoring, invigorating, beautifying, and dressing the hair, rendering it soft, silky, and glossy. They cleanse the hair and impart to it a most delightful fragrance. Every druggist sells them.

MRS. M. G. BROWN'S "Metaphysical Disc

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

PUBLISHED BY

Mandell Jaisohn & Co., Walnut Building, Southwest Corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

Agents: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1864.

The publication, now-a-days of a volume of poetry is not apt, of itself, to excite public attention. The event is too common to be remarkable unless those who read this sort of literature have found so little in modern productions to justify them that they are prone to conclude in advance that each new volume that issues from the press possesses no better claims to their regard than a large majority of its predecessors. This however, can had judicial rule as applied to letters, to ensure success in this field of effort depend primarily, not on positive merit, but on novelty. Poetry itself, therefore, is subject to death, as well as to its authors, when the latter are allowed without a fair consideration of their productions. The habit of most persons who read poetry is to "hold fast to that which is good," but they neglect that other part of the wise king's precept, to "try all things." Though there is a vast mass of poor verse continually printed, yet now and then we meet with a poem of decided excellence; and for one we have had but few more poets, it is not to be taken for granted that we are to have no more. The best who have succeeded in the past have not been recognized at once, since the earliest are least likely to seek or accept those vulgar modes of gaining notoriety which modest, because real, genius disdains to employ; and hence it may be inferred that a volume which the publisher and the professional critics take no special pains to recommend, is entitled to popular respect and favor, just in the proportion that it comes from the press unattended by any of that trumpeting which all worthless books are usually heralded.

We were not, however, entirely unprepared for the beautiful little collection of real poetical gems that is now before us. Miss Bridges has, for some few years past, been favorably known on this side of the water; and unless we greatly mistake the merit of her poems, and the fair critical appreciation of the British press, it will not be long before a just estimation of her talents in old England will secure for her, in her own country, that generous recognition and applause of which she is so really deserving.

Some of the poems in this collection have been published, from time to time, in our American newspapers and magazines, but they have appeared at such long intervals and have been scattered through so many and such remote channels, that they will be quite as fresh to the reader as those later effusions which compose the best and largest part of her volume. We have no the space to attempt any critical notice of the various pieces which make up the book; and if we had, we fancy that the best way to convey to those who have not yet seen it a general idea of its character, is to make some brief extracts from its pages.

Among the most beautiful poems in the collection are the "Legends of the Round Table," and in one of them, "Avilion," Miss Bridges tells us, in the following passage, how she came to write the whole series:—

AVILION.

"Arthur should come again!" the prophet said.
The kingdom waited long, and each great soul
The star-like rose upon the nation's sky,
Was watch'd for token of expected fate,
That should achieve the change and good desired.
But never one fulfill'd the perfect dream
Of stainless character and lofty aim,
That in tradition lived and hoping minds.
And, reading this, I murmured to myself,
'Tis better so, the people must be great
That keep such standard of high excellence
Their best do never reach! so let me live
The gift the fairies gave me at my birth,
To see in common view, with Saxon words,
A living image of the ideal knight,
Lest men forget, and these restless times
Of hollow shows and worshipping of gold,
That truth and parencssonce were in the world,"
Nor lose their faith that they will come again!
And so I sang the song of other days,—
Have ta'en to modern homes and modern hearts
The ghosts of ancient dead that lived their lives
As grandly or as weakly as their age
Or nature's wrought on them! with my witch-wand
I open'd Fancy's portal, and led forth
In their own shapes, to breathe earth's air again,
The storied men who had become a name,
And group'd them all about the British king,
As once they circled him at Table Round,
And that fair queen, so frail because she loved,
That, false herself, kept her one lover true,
Whom Arthur trusted, blind to his great wrong,
Since his large royal soul in others saw
Only the good and truth was in his own.

From the same beautiful translations into verse of the ancient romances of the chivalric times and court of King Arthur, we quote, in further illustration of Miss Bridges' fine poetic fancy and exquisite facility of expression, the following passage from another of her legends of the "Round Table":—

LAUNCELOT'S VIGIL.

They laid her in the broad aisle of the church,
Before the altar, and lit all the lights;
And o'er the bier, instead of sable pall,
They cast the purple cloak she wore that day
She fled from throne and strife for shelter there.
And Launcelot kept the midnight watch alone—
The last—with her—with Guinevere—the dead!
He sang her dirge who erst had whisper'd words
Into those willing ears, had thrilled her heart,—
That heart which so throbbing pulses then had leap'd
In burning blushes when he came anear,
And stirr'd the very velvet that now lay
So still upon the silent shape; the while
He breathed her name, her dear name, in such
tones
As might have reach'd her in the deepest grave!
He read her mass, and went between the prayers,
Imp oring God, for Christ's incarnate sake,
To give her peace, to take her to His rest,
That so, when Arthur met her as she walk'd
White robed, with angels, in the golden street,
He might forget her human sin, and know
That God's forgiveness seal'd her his true wife!

And, when his sacred duty was all done,
He rose from kneeling 'mid the heat, and look'd
Once more upon her face—and then—and then
His full heart broke! He thought of all the past,
He saw her, as at first, a fair young bride,
Regal, yet shy of state, and glad to be
Apart from court, and laughing with her maids,
Or dancing changing measure with rare grace.
He felt again the bliss that fired his blood
When first her soft palm, trembling, press'd his
own;
He saw the drooping lash, the dewy mouth
Waiting his proud caress in other times,
And lived again each hour of passionate joy,
Sweeter for being secret, save that now
Each left upon his soul the weight of crime!
He bow'd to kiss her lips—to clasp again
Those nut-brown hands. A sort of dizziness smote
Flash'd through his frame, to think that his
should be
The last warm touch should ever linger there!
Ah no! ah no! he dared not! She had gone
To be forgiven; it was not meet that she
Should bear in Eden seal of former shame.
She had o'erlived her love; he had no right
Even to look upon her with the olden thoughts,
Since that was lost had sanctified their guilt!
Renunciation was his office's oath!
It was God's justice he should suffer this!
And she slept there, so cold, so pale, so still,
And he stood by, so shaken with his grief,
Memories, armours, all passions that can war
In a man's mind,—and over both the cross.

* * * * * * *

And Launcelot paced the lonely aisles, and fought
With his own soul until he tamed his woe,
And went not mad with anguish that long night;
Then just at dawn, he knelt beside the corpse,
And pray'd that, if so be he yet should win
A place in Paradise, it might be where,
In Christ's wide heaven, she ne'er might see his
face!
For as he cast such sorrow on her life,
He would not shadow her immortal bliss
Even by memories he would cherish still
Through all eternity apart from her!

And the next day they laid her in the earth
Beside the king, and in the open tomb
Sir Launcelot saw them lying side by side,
And swoon'd to think that he had loved her so,
And yet should be so far away from her,
When, at the resurrection morn, they two
To the last judgment would together rise!
So, day by day, he came unto the grave,
And mourn'd and faded, till his strength no more
Could bear him from his couch, and then he died—
Died with a smile upon his lips, like one
Who takes into his dreams a lingering kiss!

The following poem is of a different measure from the bulk of those in the volume, and seems to show the versatility of the author in metrical construction, as well as the range of her sympathies with the various emotions—

KING AND THE HARP.

"Sing me a song!" quoth Arthur,
Sitting before the Table Round;
Bring me the harp of Aidan,
That I may hear the sound!"

"Sing me a song of battle,
Of the fierce fight and the victory!
Of the mighty ones of Britain,
Who made their country free!"

Now, Aidan, minstrel, wo-worn
"That when the song shall be o'er,
We may see with sight and not guess,
And hear and not dream more!"

And he laid down the harp at their feet,
But he spoke to the seeing king—
"Nay, I sing my songs to unborn,
And no mortal lay can sing.

No eyes for your tempting bribe,
No ears for your golden gold,
Will hear more than a wild music,
That the wind cannot be sold.

"But where living words can utter
Dreams that stir my own hero heart,
In those shall the chords re-echo,
Till it leap at mine a part.

Nor till inspiration on both
Of the rock of silent thought,
Can he wrest one living waken
To the king or people he sought!"

"Thou art right!" the sovereign answer'd;
"'Tis a lesson mine to-day,
Monarchs cannot rule men's spirits
By the magic of law or gold!
Then art first of all my ministrels,
Thou art best of Britain's band,
But take now my brimming goblet,
And quaff it to Arthur's toast.

"Drink gallant knights, to the minstrel
Who stands neither palace nor peer,
Who can speak the truth to power,
Nor flatters for price or fear,
To the bard who freely renders
The gift he has been given,
And sings but when his soul is calm
His hearers in the heaven!"

We wish we had space to quote much more liberally from the pages of this volume of really true and admirable poetry; but the two following extracts, on subjects connected with our present civil troubles, must close our notice of the book. The poem on "The Union" is one of the most beautiful and stirring lyrics that has been written since the Rebel guns were opened on Fort Sumter:—

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY IN 1860.

To solve the Union, that the worn-out thrones
Across the sea may mock us as we fall,
And envious powers grow secure in ill,
And crush their peoples with an iron heel
To grind out gold and blood from subject-worms,
Till they no more, upbraiding from the dust,
May westward turn with hearts of yearning faith,
And murmur to their children, "Ah, 'tis there!
The land of promise, wherein men may think,
And not be slain for speech or robb'd of right!"

Dissolve the Union, and dear hope dies out
In all the eager souls that watch its stars
Rise steadfast o'er the earth with growing light.
Pray that they prove not meteors that fade,
When they should guide all stormless ships of state
To our great haven of exampl'ed peace.
Save our great eagle and her cyrie broad
From pecking crows, and vultures that await
Her parting struggles to usurp her nest,
Lest e'en the pure, white stripe of our proud flag
Be dipp'd by anarchy's foul hand in gore,
And wave no more the beacon of the world.

See how she sits, our young and lovely land,
Throned on two seas that crouch beside her state,
Queen mid the nations, lifting her fair brow,
Serene with prosperous peace and plenty's smile,
Crown'd hat with beauty o'er the heads of kings.
Shall we, her children, borne upon her breast,
Thus make her tremble with the awful dread
Lest we, her own, shall tear her limb from limb,
And shroud in mourning all the brilliant hopes
That wait upon her glory, while her knell
Sh-ll be old Tyranny's glad, scornful laugh?

In her deep heart she holds some mighty dead,
Who stir'd the nations with their words, and bore
With Atlas strength a world of care and thought.
Alas that they, the giants of those days,
Awake not now to hurl upon her foes
The curse of God on parricidal sin,
And win with charmed eloquence of yore
The sluggish masses to a holy rage,
Would crush the serpents that now hiss and sting,
Crawling in highest places of the land!

Up, people of the States that love your homes!
Up, gallant hearts that throb with pure disdain
Of traitorous arts! Up, slumbering souls of fire!
Build ye a Haman's gallows for those knaves
That dare to raise a voice or hand to break
The sweet relationship our fathers left
To bind us all, cemented with their lives!
O North and South—two brothers of one birth—
Meet ye again as they at Period met,
Jacob and Esau, thinking each of strife,
Yet when they came anear, wept with pure love
Upon each other's neck; that both may say,
"Keep that thou hast, for God has dealt
Most graciously with each; and thus we see
Each other's face, as 'twere the face of God,
Shining with blessing; and the Lord of Hosts
Watch between thee and me for evermore!"

A LETTER FOUND IN A TENT.

"I think you will not cast aside, nor shred
With your fair fingers and a scornful smile
This paper into strips, when you shall read,
'Twas writ upon the night before I died.
For I shall die to-morrow—The great fight
Comes off at dawn, and my place is in front;
And I am very glad, for I do know
You c nnot cast your careless eyes adown
The long list of the slain, and see my name,
Without a stir within your heart, a thought
Of how you held my life within your hand
And cast it unto death; you cannot meet
My widow'd mother's face, my sister's grief,
Nor feel your coldness shaken into pain!
And in the solemn silence of the night
Your memories will rise up to slay your sleep,
And with the sting of sharp remorse avenge
My woe upon that woman's soul of yours!
Until at last you see through your own tears
How true, how strong, how earnest was the love
Your calm, proud eyes just glanced at and took'd
o'er,
Treading with your slow, imperial step
A man's best hopes into despair's dark dust,
And never listening to the throbbing heart
That beat its wild dreams out beneath your feet.

The Ignorance That is Not Bliss.

These forms of ignorance are, however, one and all, remote from our present theme, which is that ignorance of which some of us—how many of us?—are conscious, and which is anything but pleasant. We speak of the ignorance of which we make no parade; which is dragged from us against our will, or unwittingly revealed while our good genius is sleeping; which has been with some of us (till time and experience did their work of reassurance) our skeleton in the closet, which any day might bring to light. For though never wholly got rid of, it is on the hope and sensitiveness of youth that this pain presses most sorely. In those ingenuous days, when the moment's still tingles with exhilaration, when we have it in reserve to believe the whole world of everybody else, when the phrases "What every school-boy knows," or "What every school-boy would be lunched for not knowing," seem to mean what they say—then it is that we recognize what a shameful thing it is not to know more.

In truth, many a young man, not naturally cruel, has heard with a sense of relief of the expatriation or even death of some witness of his shame—some one before whom, for instance, he has committed himself to an error of some hundred years in a date, or has betrayed confusion about kings and sides in the Wars of the Roses, or confounded the Vedas with the Sagas, or not known the identity of St Austin with St. Augustine, or has supposed "It must be so," and the rest of it, to come in somewhere in "Hamlet's" soliloquy, or that Haydn composed the *Messiah*, or that Tycho Brahe lived before Sanchoniathon, or has laid bare some extraordinary confusion of his mind about eclipses of the moon. Not that he cares about the Vedas or Sanchoniathon, but it is horrible to be thought ignorant of the things that other people know, or are supposed to know, or that he thinks he once did know, only memory let them slip before it had fairly got hold of them.

For the poor memory gets all the blame, as if memory were responsible for what the attention never gave it in charge. Treacherous memory, which, with so many of us, is responsible for our ignorance!"—with creeping, crooked pace," grudging, vacillating, uncertain, playing the part of that Ignaro, "foster-father of the giant dead"—

"That on his staff his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary steps both to and fro,
For the eyesight him failed long ago.
And on his arme a bunch of keyes he bore,
The which, unused, rust did overgrowe:
Those were the keyes of every inward dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

—*Essays on Social Subjects.*

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

Another remarkable feature of the streets of Paris is their aspect on the Lord's day. The fourth commandment of the Decalogue is openly set at nought, and this in a way to shock those whose ideas of Sunday observance are not so strict, or—as they would say—severe and Judaical as ours in Scotland. In the morning and afternoon of the Sunday the tide of business flows as much as on another day, and a stranger might fancy he had selected the day of the week from a recent proclamation of the Emperor's good Catholics—and there are many—purely for in Paris—while they devote the morning to religion, mingle for mass in churches, and the afternoon and evening to the pursuit of pleasure, to theatres, promenades, cafés, balls, and fêtes champêtres.

To come to details; on turning to my notebook I find the following instances of Sunday, 29th February, 1864. Once I had carefully gathered, first three, which I am mistake as to the facts of the case. To have a fair, average view of matters, I took, as will be observed, each one of different streets, all in the neighborhood of our boarding-house. Of the shops there were

Open.	Shut.	
15	4	in the Rue de la Madeleine.
14	5	in the Faubourg de St. Honore.
93	91	in Rue St. Honore.
13	1	in Rue des Pyramides.
57	7	in Rue de Rivoli.
16	0	in Passage.
—	—	
207	98	

This table shows only one shop shut out of every six. Let my readers fancy that as they pass on their way to the house of God, they see almost all the shops in their native town or village standing open with men and women buying and selling, and they have an idea of the desecration of the Lord's day in Paris. * * * *

The tide, however, is on the turn. Comparatively few are the shops shut on the Lord's day, the numbers I am assured, greater than it was twenty or thirty years ago. Some, no doubt, are closed for merely secular objects; but we have reason to know that others are shut from a growing regard to the Lord's day.

Perhaps the most satisfactory proof of a growing regard for a better observance of the Lord's day, lies in the fact which I learned in Paris, that this great subject, some years ago, brought Protestants and Papists together; that, though it did not succeed, an attempt was made at united action on this matter. It is due to the French authorities to add, that although in reviews of troops and many things else the "leaders of this people cause them to err, and they that are led of them are destroyed," the Government has shown itself favorable to such attempts. It has issued decree on decree against any work being done on the Lord's day in public dockyards and other places, for which there was no clear and strong necessity. No doubt these have been often evaded; still it is well for the country and creditable to the ruling powers that the Government has raised its voice in favor of what is as consonant to the word of God as to the best interests of all classes of the community. However slowly it comes creeping in, the tide has certainly turned.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

The Drowned Bells.

There is a romantic story told of Forrabury Church, the parish in which Boscastle and its harbor lie. There were no bells to the church, and as the inhabitants heard the sound of the musical peals at Tonagel, when the winds wafted it across the sea, they became anxious to have some of their own. Their wishes were warmly seconded by Lord Botreaux, who lived at the castle, and in due time the bells were cast and ready to be brought home. The vessel which was to bring the long-wished-for freight appeared in sight, and the inhabitants came out upon the rocks to watch its entrance into the harbor. The pilot who had charge of the ship, hearing the distant sound of his own native bells at Tintagel, gave thanks to God that he should be on shore that night.

"Thank the good ship; thank God ashore," said the captain.

"Nay," said the pilot, "we should thank God everywhere."

"Thou art a fool! Thank thyself with a fair and steady helm."

So they talked—the captain venting his rage in oaths and curses, the pilot firm in his dependence upon God.

As the vessel neared Wilpack Point, clouds began to rise, while the many eager faces were watching, one of those frightful storms came on, in which the vessel became unmanageable, struck upon the rocks, and freight, men, captain, all were lost except the pilot, who was washed ashore upon a plank. In the pauses of the storm, which was long and violent, the clang of the bells was distinctly heard; and still, they say, the hurried bells give their mournful chime in the frequent storms which desolate the coast.

A Rag-Gatherers' Ball.

The Toronto (Canada) *Leader* has the following account of a curious scene in that city:—

"The very unusual entertainment of a rag-gatherers' ball came off in this city on Monday night, at which there could not have been less than three hundred ragmen and their wives and sweethearts, and other friends and acquaintances. The entertainment was given by a Mrs. Ashal, a woman who has made a good deal of money by the rag business. Having just built a large brick shop on Richmond street, a little west of Church street, on the south side, she determined to entertain her customers at a grand ball and supper; and not being particular as to whether the company should be select, she gave a general invitation to all the beggars and ragmen in the city and neighborhood. The 'gentry' fell in with the idea, and freely accepted the invitation. A sumptuous repast was provided in a large room on the ground floor, to which the beggars had free access during the whole evening. A quadrille band supplied music for the company in the ball-room up stairs, and 'all went merry as a marriage bell.' It is said to have been a ludicrous sight to witness the company in a quadrille, or pairing off in an Irish 'breakdown' or 'plantation jig.' Dancing and a general merriment was kept up till nearly 4 o'clock in the morning, when the party separated and returned to their hovels and to their business in different parts of the city, evidently highly pleased with the hospitality of their generous hostess. Everything was conducted in the most orderly manner, only the presence of a solitary policeman having been necessary to keep things straight."

How Camels are Shipped.

A Southampton paper gives this account of the shipping of a female camel and her young one, which lately arrived there to be sent to this country by the firemen mail steamer *New York*:—

"They were accompanied by an Arab keeper. By no contrivance could the elder camel be induced to cross the gangway from the dock to the ship, although the Arab tried by blows and by coaxing with a bag of oats to get her on board. The young camel—about the size of a pony, and covered with beautifully soft silky hair—stuck to his dam. As the tide was about to ebb, the pilot on board the ship became impatient, and called out 'Have the animals shipped.' A number of the German passengers on board the *New York* rushed on shore, and amidst shouts of laughter took the young camel up in their arms and carried him bodily on to the steamer, and the ship was obliged to leave the side of the dock immediately, leaving the she camel behind. The young camel began to cry in the most pitiful manner on being separated from his dam, and the latter hearing the cries, moaned distressingly; her eyes were moistened with tears, and her head was slowly and solemnly moving to and fro, looking for her young one. At length she was put into a horse box and slung on board a steam-tug and taken out to the *New York*, which waited in the stream for her.

A Story of Malibran.

Malibran was one of the most fascinating and obliging of women, as well as one of the greatest artists that ever lived. Of course, however, she often liked to have her own way. Once, when Mr. Phillips was the principal baritone at Drury Lane during her engagement, she received the large sum of one hundred guineas a night. When the *Maid of Artois* was rehearsed in full for the first time, Malibran was eager to have the air "The light of other days" transposed and put into her part. Balfe, of course, declined, and so did Bunn. "Don't tell me," she said; "I shall speak to Phillips; he is very good-natured, and if he knows I prefer it to my part, he will let me have it." Phillips, however, though unpresumably good-natured, was too wise to part with a song so valuable; and the fiery was no much chagrined that she said she would not play in the opera. She had been announced, however, and there was no escape for her. Malibran was incapable of bearing malice, and at supper at Mr. Bulls's, after the first performance, when Mr. Phillips came to the door, it happened that there was no light in the passage, and she ran to the top of the stairs, exclaiming, "Quick, give me a candle; here's 'The light of other days' coming up in the dark."

—A sergeant and four privates of the Royal Engineers sailed from Southampton lately, for Alexandria, on their way to Jerusalem. They are going to make an exact topographical survey of the city and neighborhood, including all its more famous hills and valleys.

—Colonel Berdan, at a trial near Utica, New York, recently accomplished what is said to be the best shooting on record. At a distance of 1200 yards he hit the "bull's eye" four times in succession; then missed it by a trifle the fifth, and hit it again the sixth.

FOREIGN COURT GOSSIP.

—The Prince and Princess of Wales will probably spend several years in travel. Next year they will go to Russia; and a London newspaper Jerkins says "there can be little doubt that the magnificent nuptials of the Grand Duke of Russia and the Princess Dagmar, if they take place in St Petersburg or Moscow will be attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales in grand state, and with a suite worthy of the great rank and magnificence of the country which rules them its own."

—The blessed baby of the Prince and Princess of Wales seems to have created quite a sensation in Denmark. A newspaper correspondent declares that "the parting of that sweet cherub, the little English Prince, will be more trying to the good, homely, amiable King and Queen of Denmark than will be even the temporary separation from their daughter, the Princess. The little fellow is so gentle and affectionate himself, he appreciates so well every and spontaneously from one to the other of his royal relatives who wish to play with him, his bright clear blue eyes look so calmly, and at the same time apparently so inquiringly at everything around, and his beauty is so perfect and so fascinating, that even those unconnected by blood feel themselves attracted in affection towards the innocent little Prince."

—The Princess Dagmar of Denmark, who is to be the next Empress of Russia, is just eighteen years old. She looks far short of that age, from the infantine and innocent loveliness of her manner, and from her form. Her eyes and teeth form the fascinating beauty of her face, her features being far from regular. In complexion she is a brunette; but the skin is wonderfully clear, and the roses of health seem ever to bloom on her soft, dimpled cheeks. Her stature is rather under middle height, but her form seems perfect and her bust, scarcely yet come to maturity, rivals the most perfect of Thorwaldsen's goddesses in the swan-like neck, the gracefully drooping shoulders, and the rounded proportions of her arms." To become Empress of Russia the young lady must change her religion, and become a member of the Greek Church.

—Folks who want to know just what the Empress Eugenie did during her recent visit to Baden-Baden, will find all particulars in this extract from the Paris correspondence of the London *Herald*:—

"The Grand Duke of Baden went to Carlsruhe to meet the Emperor, and accompanied her in an express train to Baden-Baden. On her arrival there she was most cordially received by the King of Prussia and the grand Duchess. She then drove with the latter and Lady Hamilton to Hamilton Villa. Shortly afterwards the King paid her a short visit, whereupon the Empress proceeded to meet her Majesty Queen Augusta of Prussia, who received her guest at the foot of the staircase, and saluted her with much cordiality. The visit lasted about half an hour. The King accompanied the Empress to her carriage and kissed her hand. After paying a short visit to the Grand Duchess, she received the Queen's country visit. At seven o'clock the Empress dined with the Grand Ducal family and their immediate circle. The whole court, about one hundred persons, were invited to tea at nine. About eleven, the Empress retired for the night. Next morning at eight, she went on foot to see Queen Augusta, took breakfast with her, and was then accompanied by the King, the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess, to the railway station, whence she started at nine o'clock for Strasburg."

FOREIGN JOTTINGS.

—It is said that nine hundred and seven female employees are going to India to assist in the English telegraph department.

—Mr. Wilkie Collins is to get £3000 for his forthcoming novel in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and liberty to publish it separately.

—Lord Wodehouse, the new Viceroy of Ireland, is only 35 years of age, and (says an Irish contemporary) he is married to a charming young Irish lady.

—Mr. R. Glenn Wesley is organizing a choral demonstration by one thousand voices for the opening of the North London Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

—It is asserted that the Empress of the French has sent an autograph letter to the Pope, promising soon to bring her son to be initiated into the mysteries of religion, and encouraging his Holiness to bear up against the attacks of his enemies.

—There are hundreds of steamers in process of erection in the Scotch waters. The builders on the Clyde act as if they were assured the war was to last five years. The yards are all lighted with gas, and relays of hands work every hour of the twenty-four.

—The King of Oude possesses a fortune of $5,000,000. He has not stirred out of his palace for ten years, and spends his time in collecting beautiful birds for his aviary, and beautiful birds of another sort for his harem. He is a lazy rascal, a great glutton, and a prince.

—There never were so many persons carrying on business in the city of London as at the present time. Between 700,000 and 800,000 people enter the city every morning to their daily occupations —200,000 of them in conveyances involving the daily employment of between 60,000 and 70,000 public carriages.

—Garibaldi's niece appeared at the Crystal Palace, London, as a public singer. The lady is said to possess great ability, and ought to have proved much more attractive than she did, as the public mustered very thinly; "but," says a London sheet, "the fault was, perhaps, in the want of advertising publicity given by the company."

—The *Independance Belge*, of Brussels, gives the following curious particulars of the amounts received by various artists as the results of single performances:—Malibran, at Drury Lane, received $750 each night. The same price was paid to Lablache for two performances. Grisi, at New York, received $2000 for one performance, and shortly after obtained $11,000 as the result of one night's entertainment in London. Taglioni received $750 for every performance at Hamburg; at her second benefit at St. Petersburg she realized the extravagant sum of $16,000, in addition to a magnificent present of diamond ornaments made her by the Czar.

—At the weekly meeting of the St. Luke's board of guardians, London, recently, a letter was read from a gentleman in the neighborhood of the city-road, setting forth that he had been requested, on behalf of a lady of property, to ask if the board had a "complete orphan," with blue eyes and flaxen hair, not more than two years of age, and of gentle manners, to be given up to be adopted—the lady agreeing to take such a child, educate her as a lady should be educated, and finally to will her £300 per annum. The letter was referred to the house and visiting committee to see if there might be a "blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, complete orphan" in the union.

—The town of Perigueux, a few days ago, received a painful shock. M. Daussel, member of the Council General, was on the point of getting his daughter married to a young gentleman of fortune. The latter, by some mischance, was stung in the arm by a venomous insect. His father, while rendering him assistance, was struck with an apoplexy and died. The person who was charged to convey the melancholy intelligence to M. Daussel, executed his mission so abruptly that the young lady, thinking it was her intended husband who had died, was so affected that she expired in three days after from the effects of the shock.—*Foreign Paper.*

—The Paris papers announce the death of Madame the Dowager de Corday, at her residence, the Chateau de Reboursel, near Vimoutiers (Orne), in her eighty-ninth year, having been born on the 30th of November, 1774. She was born of the same family as Charlotte Corday, the Norman heroine, being a distant cousin. Although ten years younger than Charlotte, she knew her well, and always spoke of her as a "young person usually serious and reserved, having the manners of a well-bred lady, according to the usages and traditions of the Corday family, but who could laugh on occasions, was very fond of children, and loved to share their amusements."

—The sublimest bit of impudence of the century is related as having occurred lately at Vienna. A gentleman was contemplating the works of art exhibited in the window of one of the chief picture-dealers of the city, when he gradually became conscious of the fact that a hand not belonging to himself had found its way into one of his pockets. Turning swiftly round, he looked the neighbor, who had taken so unusual a liberty, straight in the face, and exclaimed, with concentrated indignation:—"You had your hand in my pocket!"—"Well," replied the detected member of the light-fingered class of gentry, with the greatest coolness and self-possession, "and what if I had? You have surely no reason to be offended at that. Here now, in October, it's already so cold that one is glad to put one's hand any where!"

—A letter, dated Fernand-Vaz river, August 20 has been received from M. Du Chaillu by Mr. Henry Claudet, of London, who taught the African traveler photography before he left England. M. Du Chaillu states that, in a few days, he intended to start for the interior of the country, and that, as he had a long journey before him, he probably should not return to England for two years. He speaks hopefully, on the whole, of his prospects of securing a fine collection of African photographs, though he complains that it is terribly hot while shut up in the "little box" in which he is obliged to operate, and says that he does not feel quite well sometimes after practising. In a letter of the same date to another friend, he says:—"I have sent a batch of gorillas to the British Museum, and I have also shipped a live one, which I sincerely hope will reach London in safety. I had three of them alive a few days before the vessel sailed for England."

FUNNY JOTTINGS.

—The rich widow cries with one eye and rejoices with the other.

—All women are good; good for something, or —good for nothing.

—Boys on land often play the game of pitch and toss. When at sea, still oftener.

—A man being excommunicated with on account of his wife running away, replied, "Ah, don't pity me until she comes back."

—Miss Tucker says it's with old bachelors as with old wood; it's hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

—"Do you suppose that you can do the 'landlord' in the *Lords of Lyons*?" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement.

"I should think I might," was the reply. "I have *done* a great many landlords."

—"Which is the best shop to get a fiddle at?" asked a pupil of Tom Cocks, the musician. "An apothecary's shop," answered the man; "because, if you buy a drug there, they always give you a *quid in.*"

—"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir!" said the sick man, "I perceive that you can discover a man's thoughts by your touch."

—A countryman walking along the streets found his progress stopped by a close barricade of wood. "What's this for?" said he to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever." "Ah! I've often heard of the Board of Health, but I never saw it before."

—An Irish fire-eater, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel that if there were any of the jury to whom he objected, he might legally challenge them. "Faith, and so I will," replied he; "if they do not acquit me, I will challenge every man of them."

—"What is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces?" said the cantab to Gussie the other day. Gussie cogitated a minute, and then answered:—"Because the men have got something better to kiss, and the ladies haven't." The captain "saw it" immediately.

HALF-WAY.—A horseman crossing a moor, asked a countryman if it was safe riding. "Ay," answered the countryman, "it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you;" but in half a-dozen steps the horse sunk up to his girths. "You story-telling rascal, you said it was hard at the bottom!" "Ay," replied the other, "but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

BANK NOTICES.

SIXTH NATIONAL BANK.
PHILADELPHIA, November 2, 1864.
The Directors have this day declared a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT., clear of tax payable on demand.
11-4-5t R. B. SALTER, Cashier.

SEVENTH NATIONAL BANK OF Philadelphia, NOVEMBER 1, 1864.
The Directors have this day declared a Dividend of THREE PER CENT. out of the earnings of the Bank since July 1, 1864, payable on demand, clear of tax.
11-4-5t E. S. HALL, Cashier.

THE COMMERCIAL NATIONAL Bank of Pennsylvania,
PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1864.
The Board of Directors this day declared a dividend of FIVE PER CENT. for the last six months, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
11-2-5t S. C. PALMER, Cashier.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE.
PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1864.
The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of FIVE PER CENT., payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
11-2-5t JOHN A. LEWIS, Cashier.

THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL BANK.
PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1864.
The Directors have this day declared a dividend of FIVE PER CENT. for the last six months, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
11-2-5t D. B. COMEGYS, Cashier.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF Philadelphia,
PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1864.
The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of SIX PER CENT., free of all taxes, payable on demand out of the earnings of this Bank for the past six months.
11-2-5t MORTON McMICHAEL, Jr., Cashier.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF Philadelphia,
PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1864.
The Directors have declared a dividend of SIX PER CENT. for the last six months, payable on demand clear of taxes.
11-1-6t W. H. HRAWN, Cashier.

THE MANUFACTURERS' NATIONAL BANK,
PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1864.
The Directors have this day declared a dividend of FIVE PER CENT. for the last six months, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
11-1-6t M. W. WOODWARD, Cashier.

SOUTHWARK BANK.
PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1864.
The Board of Directors have declared a Dividend of EIGHT PER CENT., payable on demand.
Stockholders are requested to bring their certificates.
11-1-6t F. P. STEEL, Cashier.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' National Bank, PHILADA., November 1, 1864.
The Directors have this day declared a Dividend of FIVE per cent, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
11-1-6t W. RUSHTON, Jr., Cashier.

CONSOLIDATION NATIONAL BANK.
November 1, 1864.
The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of FIVE PER CENT., payable on the 5th instant, clear of all taxes.
JOSEPH S. PIERSOL,
11-2-5t-1865 Cashier.

GIRARD BANK.
PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1864.
This Bank has declared a Dividend of Six per cent. for the last six months, or FIVE PER CENT., payable on demand, free of all taxes.
It will be necessary for the holders of stock which has not been consolidated, to surrender their old certificates for consolidation, before receiving the dividend. By order of the Board.
W. L. SCHAFFER,
11-1 10ths 6t Cashier.

NOTICE.
FARMERS AND MECHANICS BANK.
PHILADELPHIA, October 25, 1864.
Notice is hereby given, agreeably to section 2 of the act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act enabling Banks of the Commonwealth to become Associations for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States," approved the 29th day of August, A. D. 1864, that the Stockholders of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia have this day voted to become such an Association; and that the Directors have preserved the authority of the owners of more than two-thirds of the Capital Stock to make the certificate required thereby by the laws of the United States.
10-27-30t W. RUSHTON, JR., Cashier.

NOTICE.
BANK OF NORTHERN LIBERTIES.
PHILADELPHIA, October 20, 1864.
Notice is hereby given, agreeably to section 2 of the act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act enabling Banks of the Commonwealth to become Associations for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States," approved the 29th day of August, A. D. 1864, that the Stockholders of the Bank of Northern Liberties have this day voted to become such an Association, and that the Directors have procured the authority of the owners of more than two-thirds of the Capital Stock to make the certificate required thereby by the laws of the United States.
10-27-30t W. GUMMERE, Cashier.

NOTICE.
CORN EXCHANGE BANK,
PHILADELPHIA, October 20, 1864.
Notice is hereby given, agreeably to section 2 of the act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act enabling Banks of the Commonwealth to become Associations for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States," approved the 29th day of August, A. D. 1864, that the Stockholders of the Corn Exchange Bank of Philadelphia have this day voted to become such an Association; and that the Directors have procured the authority of the owners of more than two-thirds of the Capital Stock to make the certificate required thereby by the laws of the United States.
10-27-30t J. W. TORREY, Cashier.

NOTICE.
THE CITY BANK,
PHILADELPHIA, October 20, 1864.
Notice is hereby given, agreeably to section 2 of the act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act enabling Banks of the Commonwealth to become Associations for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States," approved the 29th day of August, A. D. 1864, that the Stockholders of the City Bank have this day voted to become such an Association, and that the Directors have procured the authority of the owners of more than two-thirds of the Capital Stock to make the certificate required thereby by the laws of the United States.
10-27-30t G. ALBERT LEWIS, Cashier.

NOTICE.
RESIGNATION OF BANK, IN THE COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.
Notice is hereby given, agreeably to section 2 of the act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act enabling Banks of the Commonwealth to become Associations for the purpose of Banking under the laws of the United States," approved the 29th day of August, A. D. 1864, that the Stockholders of the Kensington Bank in the county of Philadelphia, have this day voted to become such an Association, and that the Directors have procured the authority of the owners of more than two-thirds of the Capital Stock to make the certificate required thereby by the laws of the United States.
10-21 C. T. YERKES, Cashier.

NOTICE—AT A GENERAL MEETING of the Stockholders of "The Bank of Penn Township," held at the Banking House, in the city of Philadelphia, on THURSDAY, October 20, 1864, the following proposals and resolutions were passed unanimously:

Whereas, the Directors of the Bank of Penn Township, in the county of Philadelphia, have

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

THE ENEMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We wait beneath the furnace-blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painless yet the fiery test
And hard will prove the ordeal.

But better shall the end repay
Where wrongs expired;
Nor spares the hand
That frees the land
Upraises the ancient evil.

The hand upraised shall be upon
Its side to share the stroke dividing;
The patient land shall lift to heaven
All else in overwhelming.
Hurt, War, Death, Grief,
Its awful share,
All justice done,
And found not guilty
Live only in the shadow.

What gives the uttermost of blades of steel?
What moves the heart of cannon?
What sends the rushing fire-ball
On the city or the open field?
What speeds the victor's charge?
What nerves the arm
Of the sharp-shooter?
What edges the sword?
What counts the life
For the Union's life?—
Hate to the utmost! Slavery!

Then woes no end for us on lesser foes
In strife to nothing precious.
God lifts to-day the veil, and shows
The features of the demon!
O North and South,
Its victims both,
Can ye not see,
Clear as noonday,
The Slavery still?
And Union find in freedom?

What though the carnival spirit roar
The nation in his waking?
We who have shared the guilt must share
The pang of his overthrowing!
Whate'er the loss,
Whate'er the cross,
Shall they complain
Of present pain
Who trust in God's hereafter?

For who that leans on His right arm
Was ever yet forsaken?
What right can cause can suffer harm
If He its part has taken?
Though wild and long
And dark is the cloud,
Behind its folds
His hand upholds
The calm sky of to-morrow!

Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war-drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
The evil overcoming.
Give prayer and purse
To stay the curse
Whose wrong we share,
Whose shame we bear,
Whose end shall gladden Heaven.

In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That scorns and scourges.
But blest the day
That yet shall bear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery forever!

Then let the selfish lip be dumb,
And hushed the breath of sighing,
Before the joy of peace must come
The pains of purifying.
God give us grace
Each in his place
To bear his lot,
And, murmuring not,
Endure and wait and labor!

ABOUT SWITZERLAND.

A late number of the *London Society* says:—We justly boast of the verdure of England; but I doubt whether it does not yield to the verdure of Switzerland. The magnitude of the picture also tells upon your imagination. Cabinet gems are not to be despised, but they fade and shrink away beside the grandeur of a Raphael cartoon or a Horace Vernet fresco. Moreover, in a mountainous country like this, bad weather is not always an unmixed evil; it sometimes surprises you with the most sublime and magnificent effects. While are complaining of a rain at Freyburg, we suddenly behold this masterpiece of landscape composition overarched by one complete unbroken rainbow resting on an inky cloud behind; while all the foreground, the bridges, the leafy heights, the quaint old buildings, and the foaming, blue-rushing Sarine are brought out by a sunset of Sensual fires. With the situation of Freyburg compare that of Berne. It is a picked spot, selected out of a thousand localities, where a town of importance might be built.

It is neither spacious nor convenient, but it is safe, being an elevated promontory or narrow tongue of land, round the southeast and north sides of which flows the river Aar, which afterwards swallows the waters of the Sarine, to be swallowed in turn by the great engulfer, the Rhine. Berne, therefore (before any bridge was built), was accessible only on one side, from behind. Its strength was consequently great to resist the assaults of the military appliances available four or five hundred years ago. Such sites of towns are a summary of the spirit which has reigned in Switzerland for ages past—of independence, nationality, and resistance to oppression. It breaks out in every form of art and literature; on coins and medals, in public monuments, in popular songs. It has canonised the memory of William Tell.

It gives us statues of Rhodolph von Erlach, the victorious leader of the battle of Laupen, where less than 7000 Bernese soldiers routed 30,000 enemies; of Arnold von Winkel, one of the forefathers who won the jewel of independence with their blood. It takes shape, and fires the mind, in modern pictures; witness that stirring scene in the Ruth Museum at Geneva, where the oppressor's agent is come to seize the peasant's oxen, leaving the land untilled.

The Swiss peasant does not dream of fairy visits and will-o'-the-wisp; but he peoples the mountain gorge with Ossianic forms, with phantoms that stalk along clad in mail, armed with cross-bow, buckler, and spear, exhorting their posterity to maintain the old abhorrence of foreign bondage. Such an obstinate show of independence is more striking from finding it displayed by a nation which, altogether, consists of only a handful of men, whom the army of France believe they could swallow at a meal.

We behold here a population less than that of London, namely, under two millions and a half, defying every and all oppressors in a way that almost makes us smile as if we saw Jack defying the Giant. Jack, however, is sublime, rather than ridiculous. It needs must, he will go out to the struggle (beardless or gray-bearded with equal ardor) to try whether the rifle will not check the advance of intruding strangers. Antipathy to French rule is as strong in French Switzerland (where the spoken language and many of the special customs are French) as in cantons where French is Greek to the inhabitants.

Henry IX, of England.

From Anglarad Lloyd I have heard a story which is worth recording. Her sister, Helen Lloyd, was (through the interest of Lady Crewe, I believe), governess to the younger daughters of the Duke of Clarence. He, as was his custom, lived with her on terms of familiar intimacy and friendship from the time of her first presentation to the day of his death. He had expressed a strong preference for his second name of Henry, which he liked much better than that of William. The day after the death of George IV, Miss Helen Lloyd met the king at the house of Lady Sophia Sidney; she asked him familiarly whether he was to be proclaimed as King William or as King Henry. "Helen Lloyd," he replied, "that question has been discussed in the Privy Council, and it has been decided in favor of King William." He added, that the decision had been mainly influenced by the idea of an old prophecy of which he had never heard before, nor had he any evidence that it had ever been made. The drift of that prophecy was, that as Henry VIII had "pulled down monks and cells, Henry IX would pull down bishops and bells." Helen exclaimed, "I have seen that in an old book at home." The king was astonished and pleased; he desired her to send for the book as soon as possible. Search was made, but it was not discovered till after the king's death. Anglarad said that he wished to be Henry IX, because, as the Cardinal of York assumed that title, he wished to establish the right to it.—*Diaries of a Lady of Quality.*

—The Hotel des Haricots, in Paris, was lately demolished. It used to be the place where national guardsmen were confined when under arrest. Many Paris notabilities have passed a night there, and the walls of the little prison are literally covered with inscriptions, caricatures, sketches, chiefly executed with the burned end of a cigar, verses engraved with a penknife, by poets, novelists, and artists. It was here, by the dim light of a tallow candle, that Alexander Dumas, *fils*, wrote his charming novelette, "Un Cas de Rupture."

SNUBBING.

It is an old word, and one very appropriately used in other days to express the withering action of the Rats with all but we make no apology for using it in its modern and more familiar sense, as a social blight, a stopper on budding joys, and breathing its cold blast on human jollity.

And yet what is a snub, after all, that it should brand their so indelibly? Why should we so leave ourselves to its influence than to more formidable terrors? If it were anything seriously touching character or credit, it would not go by that name. The word ought to be humorous, and the wound is essential to its slight, and pains are not meant to pain (as they are generally in the rights of nations) in manners and youth, which is especially sensitive to snubs—would experience all the fevers of change at being hereditary look to stand his own instincts—unless considerately shed account of most serious others, and indulged in a plentiful lack of sensibility for the graver issues of respect. How dare it give more attention to such a very trifling thing as a snub to allow such a thing to disturb our peace of mind, or to give pain at all?

There are people who are ourselves and proud (the family of gout, now, who have a monopoly of the art of making people uncomfortable) to whom a comfortable person is an object of envy, but the prerogative of an impudent nature, which made the Roman emperor, seeing a fat and jovial senator enjoying himself in the amphitheatre, the life after which he put a sword in the man's hand and make him fight a duel with which stirs in the domestic circle—

But there need be nothing cruel in the man who snubs. It is a gross sort of people who are tempted to it, honest, sincere men, who have a notion of doing their friends good, of disposing them summarily of their faults, and shaking them out of follies and mistakes; as when Dr. Johnson, the great master of the art, turned upon one of his flatterers:—"Sir, you have but two topics—yourself and me. I am sick of both." They go right at the offense against taste, sense, or propriety, as it may be, and have a confidence in their ability of putting things, so as to convince and convince the sinner at a stroke. They are alive to two things—the matter to be exposed and put down and their aptitude for the work. The feelings of their friend are the only part of the question not taken into account, which, however, happen to be dearer to the patient than either his friend's perspicacity or abstract truth, even though there existed no difference of opinion on this latter point.

When we endeavor to analyze it, the immediate effect of a snub is to induce a feeling of deprivation and exposure. Its physical sensation is like the sudden loss of a garment, and the consequent rush of cold; and we do in fact lose, in the surprise, the snug covering of our usual self-respect. We are, element creatures. We are apt, on the instant of others not respecting us, to feel ourselves not respectable, small, inferior, incompetent, unable to hold our own; and hence the main annoyance. That which predominates in a snub is the pressing difficulty how to take it. We are caught unawares without our weapons. There are assaults and aggressions of a nature to rouse our courage and to quicken our powers, which call for and suggest an answer which may be recanted on the spot without injury to our dignity; but this is not one of them.

All that can be done generally under a snub—all, at least, that we usually do—is to pull up suddenly with an inner blank sense of tingling, a desire to see where we are, a confused feeling of having the ground from it, which our instinct teaches us to keep to ourselves as much as possible. For it must be noted that a snub is of necessity a sudden blow, given when we are at a disadvantage, careless, and at ease in the security of social intercourse. Social intercourse takes sympathy for granted. It assumes one general genial sentiment, a disposition to follow a lead, to pursue subjects in the spirit in which they are started.

A snub is a check, a blank; it is a curtain suddenly drawn down, it is pulling up against a dead wall, it is cold obstruction and recoil. Either the snubber has authority on his side, and we have laid ourselves open by some inadvertence, by a misplaced trust in his condescension; and we have seen parents painfully snub their children in this sort, first allowing them liberties, then stopping them with a harsh check in mid-career of spirits, and this in the presence of strangers—or, perhaps, we have given way to enthusiasm, and are met by ridicule; or we have made a confidence which we think tender, and it is received with indifference, or we tell a story, and we are asked for the point of it; or we are given to understand that we are mistaken where we have assumed ourselves well informed; or our taste is coolly set at naught; or we talk, and are reminded that we are prosy; or we are brought face to face with our ignorance in a way to make us feel it most keenly.

The strength of a snub lies in the sudden apprehension that we have committed ourselves, and a consequent painful sense of insignificance—that there is somebody quite close to us, regardless of our feelings, looking down on us, and ostentatiously unsympathizing. This is an elaborate description of perhaps a momentary sensation following on an encounter probably as short, after which each party may seem to pursue his way unconscious; but in human affairs time is not the measure of importance, and one of the two at least treasures a memory of it in his heart, bearing no proportion whatever to the time it took in acting.

Perfectly collected and self-satisfied persons are impervious to snubs. Sam Weller is represented as receiving one from his master (we need not say well merited) with perfect smiling serenity. So are the happy few gifted with the power of repartee and rejoinder, who may be called social debaters, whose glory is an emergency, who can collect their powers on the instant, and "give the check they take" with usury. When M. Scribe, according to the newspaper story, answered the millionaire who wanted him to lend him the use of his genius for a consideration that it was contrary to the Scripture for a horse (as he wrote it) and an ass to plough together, it was a perfectly fair snub. The man deserved anything he got, but he must have felt triumph rather than mortification, when, on the spur of the moment, he could demand what right had M. Scribe to call him a horse.

There are men exemplary in all the duties of life who never pass a day without snubbing somebody—their wives, of course (natural victims), used to be told that they say nothing and do nothing right), their children, their servants, their underlings, their acquaintances, their associates. Every day something has passed their lips which has scarred like a blow at the time, and worked on the recollection like a blister, which has been repeated with querulous acrimony, and been passed on to the world as a fresh trait of character which has added to the growing barrier which daily arises between the man and his species. Not that we can cut him—we do not even wish to do so. All the ceremonies of friendly intercourse continue to pass between us; there is no reason they should ever be left off. But at every encounter he gets shoved further and further away from our secrets.

One by one he loses the key to the hearts of his friends, who stand on the defensive, keep watch, shut themselves up in his presence with instinctive caution, till we doubt not he often, in his inner heart, wonders at his own isolation. For our part, we are sincerely sorry for him; and we are so conscious, besides, that men may have the habit, without knowing it, that we would offer one general counsel—never, under any temptation, to practise a system for setting down on people worth caring for. Make a good deal, take a circuitous route, leave good advice unsaid, or said in less truculent bullying fashion, bear irritations, nuisances, what not, rather than inflict any sudden wound on your friend's self-love. Do not put him, on your behalf, on the duty of Christian forgiveness. Allow him to rest in some ignorance of your opinion, even though he may believe it more to his advantage than it happens to be. Submit to be incomplete; sacrifice the pleasure of being sharp and acute at his expense; for it is very certain that he will not like you the better, and very unlikely, also, that he should himself be the better, for your having made him feel like, and perhaps look like, a fool. If he is often put under the apprehension of it, the least that can be expected of him is, that he will eschew your confidence, and carefully keep on the windy side of intimacy.

Here lies the secret of so many charges of ingratitude, and benefits forgotten, of unrequited, unvalued sacrifices. Not that a few, or even a series, of ill-considered, unpalatable words ought to counterbalance real services, but that they put human nature to a strain which too severely tests its weak points. And there is this to be said—that contempt, of all things the hardest to bear, is, if we go to the bottom of it, the motive force of most snubs. The practice is certainly incompatible with a respectful habit of mind. Our friend is in a hurry to tell us that our judgment is worth nothing; that our expression of it must be stopped; that we, or something about us, must be put down. As we think over the matter, the examples that first occur come from contemptuous minds—men without deference, who are accustomed to lean upon themselves, who do not expect to find much in other people.

We do not find them appealing to others, or wishing to know their thoughts, or willing to follow out their speculations, or listening to their suggestions. They live and think alone, impatient of interference and interruption, and nourish some notion of themselves which practically, though it may not take the form of vulgar arrogance and vanity, sets them above the possibility of benefit from the crude, unformed, untaught intelligences around them. Indeed, it is their impatience of other men's ideas and conclusions which leads them to dogmatize themselves.

And it is to be observed that snubs were never done others as in jest. A person of ordinary modesty, not gifted with effrontery, not conscious of his powers, can never bring himself to advantage under any circumstances, and therefore are strangers to the rude question of the case.

Nobody is quite himself before them; nobody is ever put the possibility of an open show of feeling, though even the immunity depends on the rank of the snubber. The Duke of Wellington could tell an earl, on occasion, "I am not accustomed to your intellectual standard, and will not trouble you," Washington and Napoleon could snub all the world. It was part of the prestige of supreme superiority, and nobody was expected to resent it. Even the ordinary crowd, in the case of a cold shoulder, will not resent it—the contagious, the social, the disrespectful—all three very much the purpose—and some very insolent; but, as we have said, in general people never snub. In spite of what we should, it would be found to exist in much greater, and the exercise of power in this way is not exhausted from a mile at Rome to a cringe to the valet at a levee, a peculiar society in the ball-room, the wedding, or a Rebel procession; the pious rod and cross are made in the form of natural harmony; the connecting rod is a piece of wire from a railroad lantern; the fly-wheel is made to turn a pleasure a midsummer boiler; the many spokes to the wheel of a museum carriage; the halter to the wheel in the fine piece of a Rebel shell; the brace, from a railroad lantern; the vase and is made from a piece of wire bent a parasol; the Maltese cross (the 5th Corps badge) surmounting the frame, the red plate, stamp plate, staff standards, cross-beads, eyeutting, and guide, are all made from pieces of brass picked up in various places in Virginia; the parking boxes and screws were to refer to a United States medical instrument case; type. The machine rests upon a frame made from pieces of a mahogany piano case, from a house near Petersburg belonging to an officer in the Confederate army; the keys are pieces of mahogany from the same house, and the letter keys on the frames are from Rebel cartridge boxes; the frame-bed at the Weldon railroad. This piece of mechanism, though so small, is in perfect running order, and works beautifully, and has never succeeded to run a sewing machine. It is named the General Charles Grant.

A Pseudo Duke.

An elegantly dressed young man recently appeared before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, to answer several charges of swindling. He gave the names of William Miloutkowich, Duke de Medunum, Duke of Gano, and pretended to be a near relative of the reigning Prince of Montenegro. He has also been known as Miltiades of Greece, and by many other names. The proprietor of a hotel in the Rue d'Aubrese deposed that he first came to his house in 1863, being at that time in a very wretched condition, having neither money nor clothes, and ultimately disappeared, leaving a debt of 70f., which, however, he paid in the following year, having in the meantime obtained the protection of the Countess de Gaetano Barigha, a lady of great wealth, who supplied him with money.

On that occasion the prisoner resided at the Hotel de Louvre, and lived at great expense. While there he obtained clothes of a tailor named Wall to the amount of 600f., which he paid, but afterwards ran up a bill of 30,000f., for which Wall, being unable to get his money, arrested him. He also obtained goods and money to the amount of 30,000f. from M. Oppel, a shirtmaker, to whom, as well as to Wall and other victims, he pretended that he was a duke in Montenegro, and the owner of immense estates; that he was about to be married to the sister of the King of Portugal, and also that he had deposited at the Caisse des Consignations a casket containing the crown diamonds of Montenegro, worth 8,000,000f. After his arrest for debt, however, this casket was opened, and the pretended diamonds proved to be paste, not worth more than 53f.

It appeared that the Countess Gaetano had introduced the prisoner to M. Fremy, Director of the Credit Foncier, and had authorized that gentleman to honor his drafts, which was done to the amount of 25,000f., when the Countess refused to supply him any longer, and he then began to victimize the tradesmen who now appeared against him. It was proved during the trial that the prisoner was not a near relative of the Prince of Montenegro, but that some of his distant relatives were connected with the Prince's family by marriage. After hearing a great deal of evidence, and counsel for the defense, the tribunal declared the charges of swindling fully established, and condemned the accused to 18 months' imprisonment, with 50f. fine.

"Jenkins" in Denmark.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on their visit to Denmark, are followed by a suite of London newspaper reporters, who know or pretend to know everything that the royal pair and their friends are doing. The most ridiculous specimen of the writings of these Jenkinses is found in a late letter of the London *Herald* correspondent:—

"It is not for me to pry into the secrets of august personages, or to dream of repeating the flake-tastes or expressive words that may have come to my ears, but one expression of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Russia is so pretty, and shows how entirely he gives heart, as well as hand, to the illustrious lady he has selected as the partner of his great destiny, that it may not be improper I should mention it. It may have been in one of the walks, or sailing on one of the private sails of the royal pleasure-yard, or possibly in one of the deep recesses of the ancient windows of the castle, and when looking out on the diamond-studded heavens of a northern night, that the tall, fine-looking Grand Duke fixed his large eyes on the still more expressive ones of his beautiful betrothed. 'Dagmar,' he said, 'those are not eyes you have; indeed, they are not eyes!' 'Not eyes!' said the lively princess, with a look which went to his heart, 'what are they, if not eyes?' 'By heaven,' said the love-sick imperial prince, 'they are stars. Nothing above is more brighter beautiful!' If I mention a little fact of this kind, it is to show that this Russian royal marriage is not to be one of those so unhappy in their consequences, brought about by family arrangements, or to further dynastic influences, but that it is a union of pure affection, in which the lover has selected the bride to whom he has given his whole heart; and has so conducted himself—as would the humblest peasant suing for a return of his love—that he has won to himself, by his own personal attractions and the eloquence inspired by an enamored heart, the deep affection of her who is to be one day his forever."

Courtship in Royal Circles.

A little court gossip is worth relating. Princess Mary of Cambridge, has got a beau. She has fallen desperately in love. At the Guards' ball she met young Lord Hood, and forthwith lost her heart. His lordship is a peer of the realm, wealthy, handsome and twenty-six. Her royal highness is at ripe seventeen years older. By the terms of the royal marriage act, no member of the royal family can marry any one below the dignity of a prince. But she fill probably go over to Hanover and get married—a Morganatic marriage—and let royalty whistle. The affair has created considerable uneasiness in high quarters, and her brother, Prince George, took her traveling on the Continent for sometime, in hopes that "change of scene"—the usual prescription for love-sick damsels—would cure her. But no, the arrow had gone into the spacious bosom too deeply. She declares she will marry him whether or no.

Were she to contract a lawful royal marriage, there is nothing stranger than that her heirs might sit on the throne of England. Look a the chance. Old George III had fourteen children, all dead, and no descendant except the princess and herbrother, Prince George, and Queen Victoria and her family. Not one single grandchild ever had a living child (legitimately) except the queen. Prince George is unmarried. The Princess Rena is to marry the Duke of Oldenburg, one of the claimants in the duchies. Princess Dagmar, of Denmark, is to be the future Empress of Russia. So, with all these royal alliances in the north of Europe, between the English royal family and the other royal potentates, the Bonapartes still have to husband their strength. There is trouble ahead.—*London Letter.*

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—Suppose a silver dollar measures 1 inches in diameter, 8 dollars so placed will make one foot in length, and $12,240 so placed will reach a mile in length. The circumference of the earth is 21,600 miles; it would therefore require $12,384,000 to go once round the earth; this sum must be multiplied by 4 2-5ths to make it equi to our national debt, which would make the 4ver dollars go around the earth's circumference four times, and cover 8640 miles besides. Aowing a silver dollar to weigh an ounce, 16 ounces to a pound, and 2000 pounds to the ton, our ebt would weigh 125,000 tons, and would requir 125 ships of 1000 tons burden each to carry it. It would make 62,500 wagon loads of two tons each, and, calculating that each wagon will cover space of 30 feet, they would stretch a distance of 355 miles. It would take a man 565 years at 40 days to count the amount of this vast debt, estimating that he would count 60 dollars a minc, working ten hours a day and six days a week

Soldier Ingenuity.

At the Boston fair, soon to come off at Boston, there will be on exhibition and for sale a miniature steam engine, built of pickedup materials, by two private soldiers, Wyatt R. Hawkins and Abram B. Evans, both belonging the 11th New York Regiment, which was begun and finished since the arrival of the army before Petersburg. The engine, considering the materials and the means of making them, is a great piece of ingenuity. Its length is fourteen inches, and its height six inches. The soldiers came from a common civilian; the furnace from a composition the mess-cook from a tobacco pot; the cylinder from a piece of a musket barrel from the butt-end of the musket; the fly-wheel from a piece of wood; the crank from a piece of wire from a railroad lantern; the fly-wheel is made from a pleasure a midsummer boiler; the many spokes to the wheel of a museum carriage; the halter to the wheel in the fine piece of a Rebel shell; the brace, from a railroad lantern; the vase and is made from a piece of wire bent a parasol; the Maltese cross (the 5th Corps badge) surmounting the frame, the red plate, stamp plate, staff standards, cross-beads, eyeutting, and guide, are all made from pieces of brass picked up in various places in Virginia; the parking boxes and screws were to refer to a United States medical instrument case; type. The machine rests upon a frame made from pieces of a mahogany piano case, from a house near Petersburg belonging to an officer in the Confederate army; the keys are pieces of mahogany from the same house, and the letter keys on the frames are from Rebel cartridge boxes; the frame-bed at the Weldon railroad. This piece of mechanism, though so small, is in perfect running order, and works beautifully, and has never succeeded to run a sewing machine. It is named the General Charles Grant.

NATIONAL UNION TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
ANDREW JOHNSON,
OF TENNESSEE.

ELECTORAL TICKET.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ASSOCIATE JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT.
A. L. ROBERTS, GEORGE SHARSWOOD.

REPRESENTATIVES.

1. Robert Ridg,	13. John W. Ick,
2. G. Boyd Roberts,	14. Thomas H. Burrowes,
3. Henry Pratt,	15. John Strohm,
4. William H. Rees,	16. David Mc Conaughy,
5. Morton H. Jones,	17. David N. Wenner,
6. Charles W. Ruth,	18. Hugh Hamilton,
7. Andrew Reeder,	19. John Cessna,
8. William Laird,	20. Edward Overton, Jr.
9. Elias B. Hubbell,	21. Reuben C. Hall,
10. Charles P. Orwig,	22. Kimber S. Hoffman,
11. Edward Bonham,	23. Kinsman Dimmick,
12. Charles E. Boyle,	24. John W. Wallace.

By order of the State Central Committee.

SIMON CAMERON,
CHAIRMAN.

MILITARY NOTICES.

SIXTH PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY.

RECRUITING OFFICE,
No. 331 CHESNUT STREET.

Recruits wanted for the celebrated Regiment of Major-General Sheridan's command.

The long experience of the officers, and the splendid record we can point to for the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry in the field, render this a most desirable Regiment for Veterans of Cavalry or Infantry desiring to re-enlist.

ALL GOVERNMENT AND CITY BOUNTIES PAID.

Apply to
Major CHARLES L. LEIPER,
10-27 12t* No. 331 CHESNUT STREET.

BOUNTY FOR MARINES.—WANTED for the United States Marine Corps, able bodied men between the ages of 18 and 45 years, to serve on board United States ships-of-war or forts, as follows:

3 years at sea, or
3 years at navy yards,
4 years at sea, or
4 years at navy yards,
Or 5 years at sea, or
5 years at navy yards.

Better remuneration than the army.
ALL THE LOCAL BOUNTIES paid upon enlistment.
Marines receive Prize Money.
For full further information apply at the Recruiting Rendezvous,
No. 313 S. FRONT Street, below Spruce Street, between the hours of 9 and 3 o'clock.

G. J. McCAWLEY,
aug 6-tf Major and Recruiting Officer.

FURLOUGHS.

Officers and soldiers visiting the city on furloughs, needing SWORDS AND OTHER MILITARY EQUIPMENTS, Are invited to the extensive MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT OF
GEORGE W. SIMONS & BROTHER,
SANSOM STREET HALL,
SANSOM Street, above Sixth Street.

PRESENTATION SWORDS

Made to order at the shortest notice, which for richness and magnificence challenge competition, no other house in the country equaling the MASTERLY WORKING JEWELER WITH THE PRACTICAL SWORD MAKER. 1-6

A CARD.—BELCHER & CO., PROPRIETORS OF CENTRAL EATING HOUSE AND DINING ROOMS, No. 403 CHESNUT STREET, OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA, (A Female Department for the accommodation of ladies.) Return their sincere thanks to their numerous patrons and friends, their warmest thanks for liberal encouragement most generously bestowed; and pray leave to add still further attractions and improvements, so as to merit a continuance of their favors, and respectfully solicit the continued support and patronage of the general public of Philadelphia and vicinity. 10-17-3m

DISSOLUTION.—THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing under the firm of SAMUEL N. JAY & CO., is this day dissolved. The business will be settled by the undersigned, at No. 23 DOCK Street.

CHAS E. DAVIES, Surviving Partner.
Philadelphia, September 21, 1864.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership under the firm of DAVIES BROTHERS, for the transaction of a general Banking and Brokerage Business, at No. 23 DOCK Street.

CHARLES E. DAVIES,
PETER A. DAVIES.
Philadelphia, October 1, 1864.

U. S. Certificates of Indebtedness, Quartermasters' Vouchers and Checks, and Government Securities generally, bought and sold. 11-1 1m

Advances made on Collateral loans on Collateral's negotiated. Stocks and Loans bought and sold on Commission

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—WASHINGTON BUTCHER, Commission Merchant and Wholesale Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Fruits, has associated with him in his business his son, HENRY C. BUTCHER. The style of the firm will be

WASHINGTON BUTCHER & SON,
Nos. 146 and 148 N. FRONT Street,
Philadelphia, October 24, 1864. 10-24-1m*

GEORGE STITES, JR.,
MANUFACTURING MACHINIST
AND
ENGINEER,
10-10 No. 1021 N. SECOND Street, Philadelphia.

BRIDESBURG MACHINE WORKS,
OFFICE,
No. 65 N. FRONT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

We are prepared to fill orders to any extent for our well known

MACHINERY FOR COTTON AND WOOLEN MILLS, lately adding all recent improvements in Carding, Spinning and Weaving.

We invite the attention of manufacturers to our extensive works.

1-13 ALFRED JENKS & SON

CLERK'S OFFICE, COMMON COUNCIL,
Philadelphia, October 21, 1864.

In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Common Council of the City of Philadelphia, on Thursday, the 20th day of October, inst., the annexed bill, entitled

"AN ORDINANCE

TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE NORTHERN LIBERTIES GAS WORKS, AND TO CREATE A LOAN THEREFOR,"

is hereby published for public information.

WM. E. SMALL,
Clerk of Common Council.

AN ORDINANCE

To take Possession of the Northern Liberties Gas Works, and to create a loan therefor.

Section 1. The select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia do ordain:—That the Trustees of the Sinking Fund of the Northern Liberties Gas Works, authorized to take possession of the Works of the Northern Liberties Gas Works, as soon after the first day of July, 1865, as can be had in accordance with the terms of an Act approved April 1, 1846. (P. L., 204.)

Section 2. That for the purpose of enabling the Trustees of the Philadelphia Gas Works to take possession of the Gas Works authorized by the first section hereof, for the use of the city in supplying the public lamps and the citizens with gas, the Select and Common Councils of the City of Philadelphia are hereby authorized to borrow on the credit of the city, at a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum, such sums of money as the Trustees may require, not exceeding one million of dollars, and for the purpose of paying the principal and interest of the loan or loans to be created by the Councils of the City, the Trustees are hereby directed on the requisition of the Trustees to issue certificates of the loan of the City of Philadelphia in such amounts and rates of interest as they may require, not exceeding said rate.

Said loan to be used for the conversion of the stock of the Northern Liberties Gas Works, and the principal thereof to be payable at the expiration of fifteen years from the date of such conversion, and not before, without the consent of the holders thereof. The certificates of said loan shall be in the usual form in which certificates of loan are issued by the Trustees of the Sinking Fund, and shall be transferable on the books of the City Treasurer.

Section 3. That the said Trustees shall set apart out of the profits of said Gas Works, the sum of twelve per cent. per annum on the amount borrowed by virtue of this ordinance, for the purpose of paying the interest thereon, and for reimbursing the principal thereof, when the same shall be payable; and the sc before the thirty-first day of December each and every year, until the said loan is redeemed, the sum of six per centum on the amount of said loan shall be paid by the said Trustees to the City Treasurer, who shall credit the same quarterly thereof to the payment of the interest on said loan, as the same may fall due, and to no other purpose, and the remaining three per centum shall be paid over by the said Trustees to the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, who shall invest the same and its accumulations in the loans to the said Gas Works, or in any other loans of the City of Philadelphia, as a sinking fund, which is hereby appropriated for the repayment of said loan, and the surplus remaining after the payment of said loan, shall be applied by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund towards the extinguishment of the other loans to the said Gas Works, if any, otherwise of the funded debt of the City of Philadelphia.

Section 4. Upon taking possession of the works, pipes, &c., conveyed under authority of this ordinance, it shall be the duty of the Trustees of the said Works to have a detailed report, in Councils of the property real and personal, so conveyed, and its assessed value, and the said Trustees shall have, with respect to said works, pipes, &c., the same powers and authority in all respects as they now have, or hereafter may have, with respect to the works already intrusted to their care.

Section 5. For the purpose of enabling the Trustees of the Philadelphia Gas Works to carry out the various trusts confided to them by Ordinances of Councils, and to increase, extend, locate, and improve in the most economical manner the pipes, meters, and works under their care, and to meet the increasing demands of the citizens for gas light, the said Trustees are hereby authorized and required so to regulate the price of gas and the several products of its manufacture as may from time to time be necessary, the said price of gas to be the same in all the Wards of the City supplied by the Gas Works under the control of the Trustees.

Section 6. Anything in any other ordinance contrary to this ordinance is hereby repealed.

RESOLUTION

Directing the Clerk of Common Council to Publish a Loan Bill.

Resolved, That the Clerk of Common Council be authorized to publish in two daily newspapers, daily, for four weeks, the ordinance presented to Common Council at a stated meeting thereof, held on the 27th day of October, 1864, entitled "An Ordinance to take possession of the Northern Liberties Gas Works, and to create a loan therefor;" and the said Clerk at the stated meeting of Councils next after the expiration of four weeks from the said publication, shall present to Councils one of each of said newspapers for every day in which the same shall have been made. 10-31 4w

COAL AT FIRST COST.

Cost Price to Stockholders $7 00 per Ton.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

COAL OF BEST QUALITY.

SHARES, each entitling to ONE AND A HALF TONS, at first cost, EVERY YEAR for TWENTY YEARS, and CASH DIVIDENDS of profits from the sale of all surplus Coal, they will be declared at the 30, payable half on subscribing and half on January 2 next, of the MUTUAL

BEAR MOUNTAIN FRANKLIN COAL COMPANY.

Office 121 S. THIRD Street,
(OPPOSITE GIRARD BANK.)

Stock Capital, $500,000, in 62,500 Shares.

Reserved Working Capital, 12,500 Shares.

Subscriptions of 4 shares, $40; of 10 shares, $95; of 20 shares, $185; of 50 shares, $450; of 100 shares, $850; of 200 shares, $1600.

Each share entitles the holder to receive every year, one and a half tons coal at par, or 3 years, and CASH DIVIDENDS every 6 months, of the profits from the sale of all surplus coal.

Stock holders who do not want any coal may have their proportion of coal sold by the Company, for their especial benefit, the profits being paid over to them independent of the regular cash dividends, to which they are also entitled.

The Company possess large and well-built COAL WORKS, at DONALDSON (near Tremont), Schuylkill county, with extensive Mining and Timber Rights, an excellent Double Breaker, Shop Work, large Steam Engines, Railroads, and all other Machinery and Appurtenances in full operation, capable of mining 50,000 tons, to be extended to 100,000 tons per year.

The Coal is of the best quality, chiefly of the Black Heath and Primrose Veins, which, with several other valuable Coal Veins, extend within the lines of the Company's property, and are now being worked.

A branch of the Reading Railroad extends to the mines of the Coal Company, over which the Coal is daily sent to market.

Stockholders may order their Coal in any of the usual sizes viz.—Lump Coal, Broken, Egg, Stove, or Nut Coal, at all the present low rates of $7 00 per ton, delivered at the house, within the usual distances of the Company's Coal Yards, in the Southern, Middle, and Southern portions of the city.

The Company and all its Mining Works are clear of debt, and all operations are carried on on the cash principle.

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Evening Telegraph

A DAILY AFTERNOON NEWSPAPER.

OFFICE No. 108 S. THIRD STREET.

Price Three Cents Per Copy, or Fourteen Cents Per Week, payable to the Carrier, and mailed to Subscribers out of the City at Six Dollars Per Annum; One Dollar and Fifty Cents for Two Months, invariably in advance for the period ordered.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. A liberal arrangement made for extended insertions.

To Correspondents.

No notice can be taken of Anonymous Communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee for his good faith. We cannot undertake to return rejected Communications.

To Advertisers.

Owing to the great increase in the Circulation of The Evening Telegraph, compelling us to go to press at an early hour, we would respectfully request that advertisements may be handed in as soon as 10 o'clock, if possible, to ensure their insertion in all of our editions.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

Union State Central Committee Rooms, No. 1105 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, November 2, 1864.—Our friends in the different counties throughout the State are requested to telegraph the returns of the Presidential election at the earliest possible moment, addressed to "George H. Boker, Esq., Secretary Union League, Chesnut street, above Twelfth, Philadelphia."

Simon Cameron, Chairman.

A. W. Benedict, Wm. Forney, } Secretaries.

SLAVERY DESTROYED TO SAVE THE UNION.

President Lincoln has been fiercely abused by those politically opposed to him, because of his emancipation policy. He can afford to go before the country upon that policy, and abide its verdict on the 8th instant. It is notorious that he had no design to intermeddle with slavery in the Southern States, if he could avoid it. His great purpose in assuming the high executive trust he now holds was to maintain the authority of the Government, by putting down the Rebellion. In order to accomplish that end, he desired to use no more power than was absolutely necessary. He would have preferred to bring the seceded States back to their allegiance by the mildest practicable means. He proved this by the eminently earnest and affectionate persuasion which, in his inaugural speech, he addressed to the people of the South. No person could have pleaded with the enemies of the Government in kinder terms.

But the Southern leaders would not heed his paternal expostulations. They were bent on secession and independence, and, thinking they had found the favorable opportunity for carrying out their long-cherished scheme, they withdrew from the Union, and affected to set up a confederacy outside of the national jurisdiction. Even after that high act of treason had been consummated, the President still tried conciliation to recover the fugitives and avert a civil war. He gave repeated assurances that he sincerely deprecated coercion as a remedy for the terrible exigency with which he was confronted, and would not resort to it until all other peaceable measures were first exhausted.

Before a gun was fired, Mr. Lincoln sought to provision the gallant little garrison in Fort Sumter, and sent a vessel on that inoffensive mission. That was objected to by the Rebels as an act of hostility, and they declared that if it was persisted in they would resist it. The steamer *Star of the West* was fired on while in Charleston harbor, and was compelled to retreat from those waters. Afterwards, Colonel Anderson, then in command of Fort Sumter, was required to surrender that fortress, and when he declined to comply with the request, the Rebel cannon were opened on the fort, and it fell.

The war was fairly initiated by that bombardment, and the President called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to oppose the Rebellion. Even then the President could not and did not give up his wish and hope to prosecute the war without interfering with the institution of slavery in the States where it existed. He was urged by the friends of the Administration to yield his scruples on that point to the obvious necessities, as well as the legal rights and powers of his office under the circumstances. But he still hesitated. Time, however, wore on, and it soon became apparent that the Rebellion was not to be conquered by forbearance; while it assumed so formidable a shape that the shrewdest statesmen and generals saw that it could not be crushed unless a strong and straight blow was aimed at slavery, which had been the root of the insurrection, and formed one of its most powerful aids and supports.

Then the pressure on Mr. Lincoln was renewed with increased energy and persistence. He came at last to recognize the force and justice of the argument in favor of a Proclamation of Emancipation, although he still doubted the practical efficiency of the measure. In one of his discussions of the subject, he made use of the memorable remark about the "Pope's bull against the Comet." Yet in the end his resolution had to give way, and he issued his celebrated edict declaring slavery abolished in all the Rebel States. Under that edict thousands of colored men, women, and children have been reclaimed to freedom. Nevertheless, his policy was assailed as unwarranted by law, even if necessary in a military point of view.

But he had taken the step which his conscientious sense of duty told him he was bound to take as an indispensable measure for quelling the insurgents and saving the Union, and he felt himself constrained to vindicate his action against censure. He finally did so in a brief and characteristic letter to Mr. Horace Greeley, of New York; and in that letter he placed his official conduct in reference to the Emancipation Proclamation and its kindred measures in so clear a light that every candid mind could not fail to give him credit for having been actuated in the whole matter, from first to last, by a single and earnest desire to preserve the Union. The time has come to reproduce that letter, and we give it below:—

"Executive Mansion, Washington, August, "1862.—Hon. Horace Greeley.—Dear Sir:—I "have just read yours of the 19th instant, ad- "dressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*.

"If there be in it any statements or assump- "tions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, "I do not now and here controvert them.

"If there be any inferences which I may believe "to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here "argue against them.

"If the tone be perceptible in it an impatient and "dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old "friend whose heart I have always supposed to "be right.

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as "you say, I have not meant to leave any one in "doubt. I would save the Union. I would save "it in the shortest way under the Constitution.

"The sooner the national authority can be "restored the nearer the Union will be—the Union "as it was.

"If there be those who would not save the Union "unless they could at the same time save slavery, "I do not agree with them.

"If there be those who would not save the "Union unless they could at the same time "destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

"My paramount object is to save the Union, "and not either to save or destroy slavery.

"If I could save the Union without freeing "any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by "freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I "could do it by freeing some and leaving others "alone, I would also do that.

"What I do about slavery and the colored race, "I do because I believe it helps to save this "Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I "do not believe it would help to save the Union.

"I shall do less whenever I shall believe what "I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do "more whenever I believe doing more will help "the cause.

"I shall try to correct errors when shown to "be errors, and I shall adopt any new views so "fast as they shall appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purpose according to "my views of official duty, and I intend no modi- "fication of my oft-expressed personal wish that "all men every where could be free. Yours,

"A. Lincoln."

A Word to the Irish Democrats.—Last night your fellow-countryman, Daniel Dougherty, Esq., said, in his eloquent speech, a few words to you. Listen to them:—

"If you, O Irish! are false to your adopted country, and desert her in her hour of need, look out for the future. When the war is over *beware* of the thunderbolts of vengeance."

This sentiment was received with the most intense applause—the whole audience of nearly five thousand rising to their feet, and greeting this declaration with cheering and clapping of hands.

You will find, when the war is over, that the differences existing between you and the Native Americans a few years since were nothing compared to the difference which will arise between you and the whole American people.

Beware! Beware!

SOMETHING FUNNY.

The *Age* of yesterday, in the account of Richard O'Gorman's speech, says:—

"Gold is going up, and greenbacks are coming "down. (Laughter.) Grant has not taken "Richmond, and we are pretty well satisfied that "Richmond has not taken Grant. (Renewed "laughter.)"

The atrocious sentiment and base falsehood that "gold is going up" was received by an audience of citizens of Philadelphia with merriment, joy, and laughter. If such were indeed the case, every man, woman, and child should be steeped in grief. But such is not the case; and on the day that the traitor was speaking, gold had fallen off 16 per cent.

The smart little witticism on Grant and Richmond was another cause for merriment. Before long their "laughter will be turned into mourning and their joy to heaviness," to be Scriptural. Grant will take Richmond, and gold will fall to par, and the Democratic party far below par at the same time.

The Difference.—Elect McClellan, and at once the North falls at the feet of Southern traitors, and respectfully asks for peace, and is spurned with insult and refusal. Elect Lincoln, and in six months the Rebels fall at our feet and ask forgiveness. The Union will be restored with honor to the flag. Which alternative do you propose?

DEMOCRATIC FALSEHOODS.

We have just received a special despatch from Clinton county announcing that G. O. Dioce, the Chairman of the Democratic Committee for that county, has informed the citizens that George Northrop and Charles Ingersoll have have arrested by the Government because they are speaking for McClellan. The condition of a party must be despicable indeed, when such barefaced lies are uttered by those holding high party offices.

The pernicious effect of such a statement upon the Western counties cannot be overestimated, and grave fears may be entertained for these parts of the country. The Democrats hoped to prevent the lie being refuted before the election; but they miscalculated telegraphic speed, and we are happy to be able to refute the falsehood at once. All these schemes have failed, and Lincoln and Johnson will carry the State by at least 20,000.

If we make a disgraceful peace, the blood of Baker, of Lyon, of Kearney, and of McPherson will cry out from the ground, and protest upon the slur being cast upon their sacrifice, and the stamp affixed to it, which tells to posterity their death was worthless.

STABILITY OF SOUTHERN INSTITUTIONS.

Every revolution recorded in history which has met with success, has, in the commencement of its career, fixed upon one grand principle, and has kept that principle steadily in view until victory has crowned the effort. We do not mean that the principle does not increase, does not grow, but that the object of the revolution remains steadfast, whatever modifications it may undergo. The revolutions of England and France, and our own American revolt, which ended in freedom, attest the truth of this theory. But the Rebellion which now desolates our land forms an exception to this doctrine of history, and has changed its object with every breath of battle. Let us look at the chameleon-like changes which it has undergone.

In the outset of its career one of its Senators said that independence would not satisfy them. They would sack Washington, burn Philadelphia, and raise the Stars and Bars on the top of Faneuil Hall. After starting with this grand object in view, they found further proceedings northward suddenly stopped by a host of freemen; and after two years of war, decided to change their base. In a manifesto to foreign Powers the "corner-stone" of slavery was declared to be abandoned; the idea of desolating the fertile North was given up; and now the heroic South declares that independence is the only object of the war. The foreign Powers, however, disbelieved the assertion relating to slavery, and so after another pause of two years, they show their desperate determination to abandon the "peculiar institution," and are really freeing their slaves to fight their battles for them.

Before the conclusion of the drama they will again change the object of their exertion. They will say they are only fighting to have their rights under the Constitution; and if the Government will let them keep their slaves, they will return under the flag. But, loyal men, keep your hold on the throat of the Rebellion, and before long they will be glad to come back on any terms. Then will freedom bless all our land, and a Union be formed which is well worth preserving.

Continue the good fight; "the night is far spent, the day is at hand," and soon shall the whole land be made glorious with the sun of universal freedom.

A Medical Parallel.—If a doctor should take under his care a person in the last stages of a fatal disease, and not only prevent his death, but steadily restore his strength, would we reproach and discard that doctor because a perfect cure had not been instantaneously effected? would we employ some quack who promises much but has failed wherever he has tried? Would we not rather thank the doctor for saving the person from death? Apply this moral to our national rulers and act as reason dictates.

GENERAL BUTLER IN NEW YORK.

It is gratifying to know that this fearless soldier and great-hearted loyalist is to be on hand in New York during the coming week. He is just the man to be associated with that other old hero, General Dix, at a time when prudence, firmness, and decision may be especially requisite. There is little doubt but that trouble will occur in New York on next Tuesday. For months past the New York *World*, *Daily News*, and *Metropolitan Record* have been busily engaged in creating a bitter hostility to the Government. They have used the most inflammatory language, and day after day have not hesitated to incite and advocate open resistance to its rule. With them the simple re-election of Mr. Lincoln is cause sufficient for revolution; and to irritate the low and ignorant portion of the people in New York, they are constantly prating to them that Mr. Lincoln is attempting to defraud them of their rights.

The last number of the *Record* is exceedingly violent, and calls frantically upon Governor Seymour "to bring out the whole "militia of the State, armed, and as fully pre- "pared as if they were on election day, called "to do battle for the freedom of their fellow- "citizens of the great State of New York. "Our advice to the Democracy is to arm and "organize. The Governor may soon require "their services. We are on the ove of a revo- "lution."

Such language is incendiary to the highest degree, and the man who uses it deserves a cell in some penitentiary, where he could only spout his treason to a five-foot granite wall. There is no telling what mischief is brewing in New York; and it was a wise and prudent measure to send General Butler over to the aid of General Dix. They are two men with whom traitors will not like to trifle, and it is to be hoped that their presence in the city will in itself be sufficient to insure tranquillity during the election next Tuesday.

Terms of Reunion.—In case of an armistice, who will be appointed McClellan's commissioners?

Vallandigham, Voorhees, the Woods, Ingersoll, Fillmore, or Pierce. The men who have all their lives licked the feet of Southern traitors.

What terms of peace would be executed?

Slavery in all the States.

Assumption of the Southern debt.

Indemnification for all loss incurred by the South.

Delivery of our negro regiments into Southern slavery.

And finally, the hellish compact would be (as the Charleston *Mercury* says) "sealed in the blood of the Black Republicans."

Let Democratic principles succeed, and we will see the consummation of our fears.

POLITICAL VILLAINY.

Last Thursday the Democrats held a large mass meeting in Lock Haven, Clinton county, at which it had been announced Charles Ingersoll, George Northrop, William H. Miller, and a Mr. Wright were to speak. The hour arriving when the meeting was to open, and the "distinguished speakers" not arriving with it, it became necessary to make some excuse for their absence. A large assemblage of people was in attendance, from all the country round, anxious to hear the champions of Democracy, and it had been chiefly drawn together by the assurance that the gentlemen named would be present. The managers of the meeting determined to "make a hit," and accordingly one of them arose, and in a short speech, in which he was fearfully indignant, announced to the meeting that the reason why Messrs. Ingersoll, Northrop, & Co. were absent was that "*that old villain* "Lincoln *had ordered them to be arrested* "*and thrown into prison for making Demo-* "*cratic speeches.*"

This raised a terrible excitement among the audience, and curses and threats filled the air, and little else was talked of for the remainder of the evening. The meeting adjourned, and the men and women composing it went home, fully believing the most outrageous lie which the malignant hearts of his enemies have yet started against Mr. Lincoln. It may have the effect which the inventors designed it to have upon the ignorant portion of that community, and men will believe it and denounce the President as a tyrant, who wishes to deprive them of their free speech. But what can we think of such baseness on the part of these Democratic leaders? Is there any meanness too low for them, provided it but accomplish their purpose?

If this War is a failure, where will we find in history the names of the dead heroes of Shiloh, Gettysburg, Antietam, and the Wilderness? They will be among the deluded victims of an unrighteous cause. Fathers! shall your dead son's name be placed within that category?

SHORT DAYS.

These days, whether crisp, racy, and brilliant, or dim and dull, last a very little while. The gleaming sun marches quickly across the sky. The western heavens early glow with his setting splendor, and the deep shadow of night is over the land, and the timid stars are twinkling in the dark vault overhead almost before the simple words "Jack Robinson" could be uttered even by the fastest and glibbest of tongues. The days are brief, indeed, and are soon over. Life is exactly like them—a winged day. Everybody knows this. Everybody who dares to stand still in his whirling, changing existence, and devote a few moments to sober reflection, will have a full realization of the fleetness with which he is getting over the allotted ground. The tide of seasons is soon at the flood, and rolls boiling and fast. Childhood, with its prattling and its sincerity; youth, with its strength and enthusiasm; maturity, with its care and thoughtfulness—how their hours and years rush by! We are probably fatiguing the reader with this commonplace homily on the evanescence and hurry of life. Have not thousands of sermons and large piles of poems called attention to the stale-horn truth that it is an easy road to the grave? Does not every rattling leaf of autumn whisper it? Are not sable hearses for ever moving up and down the mocking streets with their cold and pulseless burdens? And yet it is painfully certain that a dry leaf seldom arrests thoughtful attention, and equally indispensable that we can glance at the carriage of the dead without a sudden shaking and chilliness of the heart, and go whistling and tripping on our way. Flirtations are carried on in whitened cemeteries, and sudden decease is not awfully impressive to most of us.

We would go on to say, if we were a moralist, that the scantiness of life, imaged in the brevity of these days, should have a weighty influence. Work while the day lasts! Act out good purposes while there is light and hope. Emulate the industrious insect immortalized by Dr. Watts, and "improve each shining hour." Make hay while the sun shines, as a sage has suggested. Try to do something in every hour. Something that will stand you in good stead by-and-by, when great business talents and smartness will not be taken into consideration. The night comes—the night of eternity—and the day of time is fading and flickering out so speedily! Nothing but these particularly short days could have induced us to indulge in the foregoing "psalm of life" reflections, but perhaps they may be as useful as thoughts on the currency and the Rebellion.

GRAND OPERA TROUPE.

Mr. Leonard Grover, the able, energetic, and discriminative Director of the Grand Opera Troupe, has announced to the public that his inimitable troupe will open the season with that delightful light opera, *La Dame Blanche*. The care which is always taken by this Napoleon of dramatic arrangements insures a complete success. The lengthy and careful rehearsal to which each opera is submitted before being brought before the public, takes from twelve to sixteen hours of hard labor, all of which is superintended by Mr. Grover in person.

The German opera, when it first opened its season in America, had scarcely artists enough to produce a second-class performance; but, under the management of Mr. Grover they have now the finest collection of artists in any country—artists which could favorably compare with those of any of the court troupes of Germany. Our whole country owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Grover for the energy he has displayed, for the selections he has made, and for the low price with which he offers to delight the ears of our musical population.

Those who heard the German opera of *La Dame Blanche* need not be induced to hear it again. The sweet strains of "Robin Adair," as they rolled from the lips of M. Habelman, and the terrific applause—we can use no other word, and the *bon ton* are but little addicted to anything terrific—with which it was greeted, still seem to resound through the vast pile. The minor parts of the play are held by noted geniuses of musical ability. Hermanns as "Gaveston," Mad'lle Lehmann appears for the first time in our city, assisted by Graff, M'me Johannsen, and Mad'lle Dziuba.

The reputation which the troupe brings from Boston and New York is such as to make crowded houses every night an established fact. We look with infinite pleasure towards having the sweet yet strong tones of German music fill the shrine which is dedicated to the Muses. Let such a success attend their efforts, that in thousands of hearts the pleasing recollection of the evenings spent with soft melodies lulling the senses may find a place among the happiest evenings in their lives.

HERO OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

Destruction of the Vessel and Loss of Many Lives.

"Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, who, in command of picket launch No. 1, destroyed the formidable iron-clad ram *Albemarle*, lying off Plymouth, North Carolina, arrived in town to-day, and reported to the Secretary of the Navy. He is a young man, about the age of General Custer, and resembles him in size and complexion enough to be his brother.

"During the Rebellion he has run more hair-breadth escapes, probably, than any other man in the naval service. He was cordially received by the Secretary of the Navy and Assistant Secretary Fox, and congratulated on his success in destroying 'the terror of Albemarle Sound.'

"He was selected some time ago as *the* man to destroy that vessel. Several distinguished naval officers, while they applauded his courage, feared that he was too headstrong, and 'too much of a dare-devil' to have the steadiness of nerve necessary to accomplish the result desired.

"Notwithstanding the opinion of those officers, however, Admiral Porter, at the suggestion of Assistant Secretary Fox, selected Lieutenant Cushing, and gave him his choice of the kind of craft or boat he would employ in the special service upon which he was detailed. He selected 'Picket Launch No. 1,' not by any means the best in the service, and started upon his hazardous errand, the result of which is detailed in Lieutenant Cushing's interesting official report.

"The explosion of the torpedo not only destroyed the *Albemarle*, but also sunk the launch, containing Lieutenant Cushing and thirteen men, none of whom escaped, as far as known except the Lieutenant and one man. They were all thrown into the water.

"The large body of water thrown up by the explosion immediately filled the launch, and sunk it.

"Lieutenant Cushing is satisfied that a large number of lives must have been destroyed in the blowing up of the *Albemarle*, as her guns were all manned.

"Besides discharging his torpedo, he previously paid his compliments to the Rebel gunners on the *Albemarle* and on the wharf where she lay with a shower of grape and canister.

"The Secretary of the Navy will recommend to Congress a vote of thanks to Lieutenant Cushing, and that he be promoted one grade, to be a lieutenant commander. He will be immediately placed in command of one of our new first-class gunboats."—*Washington Republican, Nov. 3.*

MARRIED.

McGINLEY—BAILEY.—On the 3d of November, at the old residence, No. 1027 Franklin street, by Rev. W. S. Hall, Lieutenant Charles McGinley, United States Army, and Emma B. Bailey, all of Philadelphia.

SHIPPS—SOUTHARD.—On the 2d instant, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. John D. Curtis, Mr. H. C. Shipps, of Philadelphia, to Miss Letitia Southard, daughter of S. S. Southard, Esq., of Wilmington, Del.

SMITH—ROAS.—On Thursday, November 3, 1864, at the residence of the bride's parents, Harrisburg, by the Rev. D. V. Bausman, Samuel Smith, of Washington, to Sallie E., only daughter of J. D. Roas, of Harrisburg.

TWEED—McKINLEY.—On the 26th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. David Steele, Mr. John Tweed, of New Jersey, to Miss Ann McKinley, of Philadelphia.

DIED.

BARNES.—Killed, on the 31st ultimo, in the battle on the Weldon Railroad, Sergeant Owen Barnes, of Co. I, 31st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, in the 20th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family, and members of the 31st Regiment, are respectfully invited to attend his funeral, from the residence of his father-in-law, John W. Sexton, 1727 Germantown avenue, on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

BOWEN.—On Wednesday morning, 2d instant, Dalton D. Bowen, in the 30th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his father, 1227 Filbert street, on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Interment at Laurel Hill Cemetery.

BUNTING.—On the 3d instant, Mrs. Rebecca King, wife of the late Silas Bunting, in the 80th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her son-in-law, Thomas Hunt, No. 1020 Spruce street, on Monday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. To proceed to Mount Moriah Cemetery.

CARPENTER.—On the 3d instant, Mary B., youngest daughter of Robert E. and Anna B. Carpenter, in the 11th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her parents, No. 1224 Filbert street, on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. To proceed to Woodlands Cemetery.

CARPENTER.—On the 3d instant, Mary B., youngest daughter of Robert E. and Anna B. Carpenter, in the 11th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her father, No. 1224 Filbert street, on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. To proceed to Laurel Hill.

DAY.—On the 3d instant, Mrs. Sidney, DAVID DAY, in the 80th year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. Thomas Hewson, No. 1224 Filbert street, on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. To proceed to Woodlands Cemetery.

EDGERTON.—On the 3d instant, Cornelia Matilda Gardiner, infant daughter of Alexander and Catharine Edgerton.

Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her parents, 1214 Spruce street, on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. To proceed to Mount Moriah Cemetery.

HOWLAND.—On Thursday, 3d ult. or November, Albert G. Howland, in the 61st year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his father, 1 Cheltenham, Montgomery county, on Monday, the 7th instant, at 10 o'clock.

KELLER.—On Thursday, November 3, FREDERICK L. KELLER, aged 24 years.

The relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his mother, No. 911 N. Sixth street, on Monday next, at 10 A. M.

SUTHERLAND.—In New York, Oct. 26, ROBERT SUTHERLAND, of this city, in the 62d year of his age.

WILCOX.—On Thursday evening last, EDMUND, son of Samuel and Annie B. Wilcox, aged 8 years and 6 months.

LATEST.

WOOD & CARY,

No. 726 CHESNUT STREET,

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ALL SHAPES,

BEST STYLES,

LOWEST PRICES.

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Green and Black Teas,
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are informed that I have succeeded in obtaining the agency of this valuable invention for this city and vicinity. It is operated by electricity, the same as all other telegraphs, only the wires are not visible. Each window and door is an operator. It is introduced without defacing the house in the least. A burglar cannot approach without detaining the telegraph to your room. Call and see it in operation in New York. It has not failed. If it is an object to procure, we send a double, the windows and doors of your house, it can be done. Call and see it.

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Seventh and Chesnut streets.

PERSONAL.

MY DEAR MARION, I SEE COPIED FROM the "Richmond Enquirer" a recommendation to me as a candidate on all tickets, we are all well at present, and would like to hear some from you. Richmond papers please copy. Answer through the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph. MARIA BAILEY.

Philadelphia, October 31, 1864. 11-2-3t*

ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING THE whereabouts of SAMUEL HUTCHINSON will be thankfully received by his mother, Mrs. ELIZABETH JONES. When last heard from he was Commissary Clerk on the Confederate steamer *Florida*, then stationed at New Orleans. Information solicited through New York papers and Philadelphia "Evening Telegraph."

Richmond and Mobile papers please copy.

PHILADELPHIA, October 31, 1864. 11-3-3t*

$10,000 CAN BE MADE ON A PATENT Mangle, which only wants advertising well, as it is acknowledged by all who use it to be universal in its cures, and the most potent ever made. A person with but capital can make the advertiser, or the rights and all information will be imparted for a moderate sum, so that $10,000 can be realized. Address "Mangle," this office. 11-4

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A PARTNER WANTED, WITH A CAPITAL of two thousand dollars, in a rare and lucrative business. Apply at No. 1, 4th street. 11-1

FURNISHED HOUSE WANTED, IN West Walnut or Locust, or Arch, or Chesnut street, address "Furnished House," at this office. 10-5

FOR SALE AND TO LET.

FOR SALE.—A FOUR-STORY BRICK Dwelling House, on 12th N. Twentieth st., opposite St. Clement's church; lot front 18 feet, deep 120 feet deep. The house has three story back buildings and all the modern conveniences. Immediate possession given. Apply to LEWIS H. BROWN, 11-4-3t No. 128 S. Fourth Street.

FOR SALE.—A SACRIFICE—TWO OF those splendid new three-story and basement, modern-built, genteel Dwellings, on Green st., above 13th, with side yards, &c. Apply at 1327 Green street. 11-5-6t

TO RENT.—THE SECOND FLOOR, No. 508 Front street, above Race. Also, a store on Letitia street. Apply to JOHN H. LOVE, 11-5-3t No. 508 Front street.

REAL ESTATE. REAL ESTATE. REAL ESTATE. REAL ESTATE. REAL ESTATE. REAL ESTATE.

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CONTAINS NEAR $2,000,000 WORTH.
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FOR SALE.—NO PERSON IN QUEST OF Real Estate, either for investment or occupancy, should fail to get my new circular, but out, containing in an important to buyers carrying of the 11th over published in this city, no matter by whom. Said Catalogue contains a vast amount of first-class city property, of all descriptions in modern operations, including lots &c. Also for sale on my register, a great number of first-class farms, with splendid mansions, at prices varying from $10,000 to $75,000. Call for catalogue, or send your address.

GEORGE C. MILLER,
Practical Real Estate Operator,
No. 134 N. SIXTH Street.

Office hours, from 7 A. M. until 10 P. M.

FOR SALE.—SPLENDID DOUBLE Mansion on Chesnut street, has large side-yard and deep lot. Price $40,000.

Elegant large one-and-a-half Dwelling, on Seventh, above Spring Garden street, lot 43 by 96 feet. Price $11,000. Immediate possession of both lot and over properties.

Next to Girard Row, on Front below Market street, above Poplar. Price only $11,000.

THREE VERY NEAT SIDE-YARD Dwellings, on Eleventh street, above Oxford. A splendid neighborhood. Lots 26 by 100 feet deep. Price $4,000 each. Immediate possession.

Very neat Dwelling, north side of Vine street, west of Nineteenth; garden, and fine railing in front. Lot 19 by 120 feet to a street. Price $7,000. Possession very soon.

VERY NEAT THREE-QUARTER front Dwelling, No. 2020 Summer street. Lot 28 by 111, to Spring street. Empty in a few days.

Very large, elegant-finished Dwelling, Arch street, east of Sixth. Lot 20 feet front by 275 feet deep to Cherry street, with first-rate stable and coach-house on that front. Price $25,000. Possession very soon.

Arch street business stand, No. 118, below Second street. Lot 16½ feet deep. Price $6500. Now empty.

TWO EXCELLENT FOUR-STORY Dwellings, on Pine, west of Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. Lots 22 by 110 feet deep, to a street. Price $12,500 each. Immediate possession.

Spring Brown stone front Dwelling, (four story,) on West Locust Square. Lot 22 by 110 feet deep—fifteen rooms. Price $16,500. Possession soon.

TWO VERY ELEGANT FOUR-STORY brown stone Dwellings on Arch and on Spruce streets. Lots 22 by 105, and 22 by 150 feet deep; both go to streets.

NEAT FOUR-STORY DWELLING, ON Arch, west of Twenty-first street. Lot 18 by 153 feet to a street. Price $6000. Immediate possession.

GREAT BARGAIN.—NEAT DWELLING on Sixth street, north of Vine. Nine rooms. Price only $5000. Possession very soon.

BUSINESS STAND.—STORE AND Dwelling, No. 814 N. Ninth street. Lot nearly 100 feet deep to a street. Price $6500 clear, and immediate possession.

ELEGANT CORNER DWELLING IN Wallace and another main street (Bush Hill. Lot 20 by 111 feet deep. Price $5000. Immediate possession.

NEAT DWELLING, NO. 1910 COATES street. Twelve rooms. Lot 20 by 120 feet deep to a street. Will be sold a bargain positively. Now empty.

NO. 815 N. TENTH STREET IS ONE OF the best brick dwellings in this city. Three-story front, and three-story double back buildings. Everything in first-rate order. Lot 17 by 120 to a street. Possession in three days.

FOUR ELEGANT FOUR-STORY SIDE-yard Dwellings, S. W. corner Broad and Oxford. Price $12,000 each.

TWO NEAT FOUR-STORY DWELLINGS, Broad, below Oxford. Piston stone up the first story. Lots 16 by 100 feet deep. Price $10,000 each. Now empty. Besides near two thousand other city properties. Every purchaser should call on me first.

Also for sale a great number of first-class mansions in West Philadelphia. Those street and other desirable localities.

Also a great number of splendid first class farms with elegant mansions, &c., at prices ranging from $3000 to $25,000

GEORGE C. MILLER,
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"SUNDAY HERALD,"

LOYAL, BUT INDEPENDENT.
Containing the LATEST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.
This NEW SUNDAY NEWSPAPER will be issued on SUNDAY NEXT.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be sent in at once.
NEWS AGENTS, NEWS BOYS, and CARRIERS must leave their orders at once, or they cannot be supplied.
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S. E. COHEN & SON,
11-4-2t PUBLISHERS.

102d PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS,

NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

ATTENTION TO ORDERS.

The Companies composing the Regiment will assemble for Dress Parade, on Broad street, right resting on Girard, TO-MORROW (Sunday) AFTERNOON, at 3½ o'clock.

The attendance of EVERY MAN is requested, as important orders will be published.

By Command of WILLIAM B. THOMAS,
Colonel Commanding.

J. B. Bowes,
Adjutant. 11

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA.

HARRIET FURDON vs. JOHN L. WILSON.

Venditioni Exponas. No. 138.

The Auditor appointed to report distribution of the fund produced by the sheriff's sale under the above writ of all that certain lot or piece of ground, with the three-story brick messuage thereon erected, situate on the N. E. corner of Ponnd and Wharton streets, in the city of Philadelphia; containing in front on Wharton street 20 feet, and extending in length or depth northward of that width street and between parallel lines at right angles to Wharton street 80 feet 3 inches to an alley 3 feet 6 inches wide, leading eastwardly into Ponnd street, will attend to the duties of his appointment on MONDAY, the 21st day of November, at 4 P. M., at his office, No. 124 S. SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, when and where all parties interested must present their claims, or they will be debarred from coming in on said fund.

11-5-10t E. H. THORP, Auditor.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE owners of premises hereinafter described, that writs of scire facias for municipal claims filed for the same, against said premises, will be issued after three months from this date, unless said claims are paid.

LEWIS C. CASSIDY, Attorney for Claimant.

City to use of E. Buckley vs. Andrew McNeely, owner, &c. C. P. June Term, 1864; No. 2. Lot and frame stable on northeast side of Ansgill street, 20 feet southeast of Amber street, Kensington Ward, containing 16 feet front, and 50 feet deep to Amber street. Claim $147 50 for paving.

Same vs. same. C. P. June Term, 1864; No. 3. Lot and three-story brick dwelling, on southwest side of Ansgill street, 240 feet northwest of Emerald street, 16 feet front, 50 feet deep. Claim $44 20 for paving.

Same vs. same. C. P. June

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

SPIRIT OF THE NEW YORK PRESS.

McCLELLAN'S ELECTION WOULD DESTROY BANKS AND INSURANCE COMPANIES.

From the Tribune.

Presidents, Directors, Secretaries, and Cashiers of Banks, Insurance Companies, Savings Banks, and Trust Companies, as you bar and bolt your Government Bonds, Certificates of Indebtedness, and Treasury Notes, do you look up with thankful political care concerning their value? Are they safe when vaulted over with chilled iron and cut stone? Through plates of steel and dove-tailed rocks that defy burglary and muck at James, can no influence penetrate and blast your securities more effectually than if they had been bathed in nitric acid and reduced to pulp? Indeed, Presidents, Directors, Secretaries, and Cashiers, there can

The unseen, unfelt, unheard Political influence can penetrate the safeguards of your capital and of your private estates and bind funds more easily than an 11-inch shell could enter, and do there a work of destruction that neither fire nor gunpowder could possibly match. The ordinary train of security and paper money is but the ghostly appearance of a written contract. The obligation to pay is not destroyed. That survives, and follows the debtor or attaches to the Government, and can never be extinguished save by payment.

Trouble at most is all that can ever race upon the destruction, or loss by incineration, civil commotion, or burglary, of public securities and of fiscal currency. But who shall wrestle with the consequences of a fatal Presidential election? What nervelessness about the desks, the safes, the roofs, of bank vaults, and the cellars of insurance companies, could keep out the eternal and remediless ruin that would burst upon us from a recognition of the Rebel Confederacy?

Gentlemen, some of you in this city have been busying yourselves with an insane industry to promote McClellan's election. Don't you, by this time, know what this is to do? Don't you know that McClellan's election would be followed by an armistice? Don't you know that an armistice would raise the blockade of the Southern ports, withdraw our armies from every Southern State, surrender every military advantage we have won in four years' fighting? Don't you know that our army would be diminished instantly, upon the establishment of the armistice, two hundred thousand men by the mustering out of the colored troops and employees?

Don't you know that the armistice would be accepted by England, France, Spain, and Belgium as the recognition by the United States of the Confederate Government? Don't you know that in the interval between the armistice and negotiations for a peace and the restoration of the Union, Europe would flood into the Rebel States munitions of war and men, and that the Richmond leaders would make themselves impregnable on the Potomac, and on the Atlantic and the Gulf coast?

Don't you know that our offers of peace to the Jeff. Davis Government would be met with the demand for a recognition of the independence of the Confederate States. This is as positively certain as any future movement of the heavenly bodies. Every monopolist man in Europe knows it, every true politician in both hemispheres knows it, the Confederate statesmen, soldiers, diplomatists, and journalists have over and over and over again declared it. Separation from us is their irrevocable purpose.

In the language of Jeff Davis in his interview with Colonel Jacques, "that we will have, or annihilation." It is McClellan's business to save them from annihilation. You have made it your business, unwittingly, we believe, to give to them separation. For the inevitable, predetermined effect of McClellan's election, calculated at Richmond, arranged at Niagara Falls, practiced for at Chicago, will be the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and the eternal division of the Union. Then what?

Is C. L. Vallandigham known to you, watchmen and wardens of trust funds and Government securities? He shaped the Chicago Convention; gave its character to the Chicago platform; seconded the nomination of McClellan, and moved that it be made unanimous; is the chief advocate of McClellan's election in the great West; is the commander-in-chief of the vast political secret Order of the Sons of Liberty, who monomaniacally labor to promote the Rebel invasions of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio, and to destroy the Union by the conquest of the North and the triumph of the Rebellion. This man has been, ever since the revolt of the slaveholders, as intensely rebel as Longstreet has been, or Breckinridge, or Jeff. Davis. He made a speech at Monmouth, in Illinois, on the 21st of October, in which, bold advocate of disunion as he is, he boldly said:—

"The Democratic party are in favor of a reconstruction of the Union on the basis of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 (State Governments). We are opposed to centralization of power in one Government extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which would be one of the worst despotisms on earth. We are in favor of a reconstruction of the Union on the principle of State sovereignty."

He avows a purpose that you may not know, may not believe, may jeer at—but which every well-informed politician in the country does know is determinedly entertained by the conspirators who put McClellan in nomination, and that is to break up the great Republic into four small republics. Some of you, gentlemen, have unconsciously labored to produce this result. Some of you will labor in this direction this very day.

If you succeed in electing McClellan, and the suicidal armistice is followed by a necessary surrender on our part, or a speedy and inevitable defeat in a contest to be renewed with the world; and the separation of the slave States takes place and is recognized; and the free States in the basin of the Mississippi, made the natural allies of the South by their copartnery in the uses and benefits of the Father of Waters, become the political tools of the dominant slaveocracy, and separate from Yankeedom; and discord, self-interest, and ambition give separate political existence to the Pacific States, already divided from us by the Rocky Mountains and the American Desert—if all this takes place, as it inevitably will, what will become of your United States Bonds, your Treasury Notes, your Certificates of Indebtedness, your Greenbacks, the country's Greenbacks? Not to raise now any questions about the assumption of the Rebel war debt, and payment of war damages and war claims to the Southern States, single and confederate, what would become, gentlemen, of your trust funds and your capital?

They would utterly perish. They would utterly and irrecoverably lose their value. Bankruptcy would flow like a sea over the North. Terrible as would be the ruin that would whelm investments in the public securities, and wash over all realized wealth, the destruction of labor caused by this destruction of wealth, and the destruction and disappearance of the people's currency, the greenbacks and bank notes, and the sudden reversion of society to hard cash, would be far more terrible than pillage.

But God guides civilization, and His inspirations into men of patriotism and wisdom invite for the steady progress of the race. McClellan will not be elected. The Union will not be sundered.

A MAN BURNT TO AN OPEN FIRE IN WISCONSIN.—A horrible murder has just been discovered at Hunter Corners, Iowa. In the beginning of last month a farmer named Morrow disappeared, and no trace could be found of him, although the police at the instance of his wife, made inquiries far and near. Last week, however, the authorities were informed of certain rumors to the effect that Morrow had probably been murdered by his wife and a man named Cheesman, with whom she had become too much carried on a illicit connection. They were accordingly arrested, and the woman at last confessed that Cheesman, at her instigation, had murdered her husband by striking him on the head with an axe, and that they had then burnt the body in an open prairie fire previously nearly filled with wood for the purpose. The confession was printed in the New York papers, the discovery of unburned human bones in the ashes confirmed its truth. The two prisoners were committed for trial.—*Evening Mail.*

A MARRIAGE MYSTERY.—A woman residing in New Albany, Indiana, who has a drunken husband and two children two years and four months, to various of which she holds an unnatural hatred, and for months past has known in the most horrible and cruel manner, was arrested a few days ago for her dastardly conduct. On being brought into court, the child presented the appearance of having been literally pounded into a mass. Its bowels and back are bruised into filmy ridges, caused by being beaten, thrown upon the floor, stamped, and kicked. Its little body is another cut of all proportion from these torturing barbarities. Not long since this unnatural mother tried to compel the child to swallow some hot potatoes. Because it could not do so, she hacked and beat it over the face with a case-knife. The child's face is literally hacked into pieces. Its head is swollen out of shape from being thrown upon the floor and kicked by this she-fiend. Physicians say the child will die from the effects of its cruel treatment.

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS,

THE DEFAULTING TELLER OF THE MERCANTILE BANK, NEW YORK.

HIS MANSION ON STATEN ISLAND—HE LIVES IN GREAT STYLE.

The whereabouts of Charles Windsor, the defaulting teller of the Mercantile Bank, are unknown, but it is reported that he has fled to South America or Europe, probably without any large proportion of the missing funds, which amount to nearly $700,000 ($207,000 in currency and $324,000 in gold). The circumstances indicate that the robbery of the bank had been in progress for years, and that Windsor had adroitly managed to conceal his guilt until the last moment.

Windsor resided in Factoryville, on the north shore of Staten Island, where he lived in a handsome house, beautifully situated, and adorned in a style equal to that of his neighbors who are known to be in possession of large wealth. It was supposed in the neighborhood that the property he occupied belonged to his family, whose business affairs did not concern the public, so that the costly style of his living during the past year or two has excited no general suspicion. Some months ago Windsor's plain one-horse pleasure-wagon gave place to a larger and more expensive establishment, and quite recently a stall more stalking equipage appeared, while a corresponding amount of display was made at his home and elsewhere.

Windsor's personal demeanor was such as to induce his neighbors and friends to give him their almost unlimited confidence. He, forwent a thoughtful or recondite manner as a presidency there was not the slightest reason to infer from his conversation, his manner, or any circumstance from which his personal character is to be judged, that he was capable of perfidiousness in act of dishonesty, or that he possessed such ideal cunning to conceal a great crime. His business acquaintances were astonished beyond measure when they learned of the robbery and of his disappearance. His wife and children were in happy ignorance of his knavery.

Altogether the case of Windsor is regarded as one of the most remarkable of its kind which has ever occurred in the financial history of the city. The peculiar circumstances connected with it, as well as the extent of the robbery, place it out of the list of ordinary peculations and flights. The result of the efforts making by the detectives to trace the fugitive will be made known in due time.

The Mercantile Bank is not at all crippled by the loss arising from this defalcation. It has still remaining a surplus of $417,000 over and above its capital of one million dollars, and has always sustained the reputation of a sound and prosperous institution.—*N. Y. Post, last evening.*

DOINGS OF THE DRAMA.

THE THEATRICAL WEEK, considering it is the worst theatrical week of the year, has been most prosperous. Mrs. Bowers has played *Cut Lyons* to houses that have each night increased in numbers. Her version of *Lady Lyons*, is a play and not a crude sketch, like the other one played at this theatre. The polished and womanly picture given of "Lady Isabel" by Mrs. Bowers enlists all our sympathies.

Miss Ellie Germon has each night, encouraged by the laugh of the "groundlings," grown more exaggerated. It is possible to please—possible to be applauded and yet—without being bold and vulgar, a fact this young lady seems to ignore. Miss Germon has, too, the fatal habit of introducing gags which she chooses from the stage phrases of the day—a habit detestable in all, but unpardonable in a woman.

On Monday, Mrs. Bowers will produce a new piece, one that has met with much success in London.

It is an old French play, written for M'me Volneys by Casimir Delavigne. M'me Leontine Volneys was a charming actress and a beautiful woman, and had been a youthful prodigy under her maiden name of Leontine Fay, she was Louis Philippe's only weakness. For some years she was leading actress at a second-class theatre, the Gymnase, for which Scribe wrote all his well-known pieces.

M'me Volneys, however, had the ambition to appear at the Theatre Francais, the grandest and most exclusive of all theatres, where only the *traditions* was played. Louis Philippe having come to the King, meantime accomplished, amongst other eminent things, the admission of M'me Volneys into this temple of high art; but as the classical was deemed beyond her powers, Casimir Delavigne wrote, by command, this historico-religious sensational drama, which in English has now become the *Monastery of St. Just; Or, The Jewess of Austria.*

Mr. Sothern will please here as much as it has done in London. In France it has long been laid on the shelf, where, like king, author, and actress, who all have passed away. At the Chestnut the orchestra is a great attraction. Bisgild is giving us some of the loveliest German songs, arranged by himself, the solos played by him, as these *entr'actes* becomes quite a concert.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT has gone through the week with increasing popularity. Mr. Buchanan has somewhat toned down his style, and if he would still take from its exuberance, his old man, such as "Jonathan Rosebude," might become a specialty with him. Miss Buchanan is quiet and ladylike, showing feeling at the proper time, but never ranting. Her part in this play gives her very few opportunities for the display of her talents. Mr. Young, the well-known actor at the Walnut, has a part suited exactly to him, that of a rough country villain. It is the most artistic performance in the piece. The court-room scene, notwithstanding many discrepancies, to which the good-natured public have grown accustomed at this theatre, is very effective.

AT THE ARCH, Mr. and Mrs Barney Williams, the luckiest of stars (to themselves and all whom it may concern), have been playing to immense houses all their well-known pieces. The management has put them all on the stage with as much characteristic scenery as they required, and certainly these popular actors have never been seen to greater advantage. Mr. Stuart Robson adds his inimitable humor to the feast of mirth, and altogether the Arch is having a merry time of it.

ON MONDAY, the Grand Grover German Troupe will commence its season with *Die Diener Bleuche, The Noble Lady at School.* We have heard this opera before; it was one of the successes amid success, and it was in this opera that Mr. Habelman first made his great impression on the public. The music of "George Brown" is most exquisite, and Habelman gives the scene in which "Robin Adair" is introduced in the most polished and artistic manner.

Mad'lle Sophie Dibbin will make her first appearance in the dual character of Jenny, "a part requiring a great amount of execution. Before Habelman, too, makes her first appearance before a Philadelphia audience. The other parts are filled by renowned, excellent, and well-known artists. Graf, Herrmann, and M'me Johannsen. The orchestra and the chorus are the most complete we have ever had, and will add not a little to the season. The Grand Opera Troupe, consisting of 34 of the Catonel, say:—"We would rather hear no one else but the political speakers who are opening their mouths from all the political platforms." As every one will be well up to Monday, we would recommend home from *Le Diner*—Friend unto Friend—Stranger and Friend.

—Signor Leading's orchestra is playing in Baltimore.

—Charlie Wheatleigh has been successful in San Francisco, and is going to Victoria.

—Edwin Forrest is playing in Albany with Madame Ponisi.

—The New Orleans Academy of Music has been completely remodeled and refurnished for the coming season.

—Uncle Tom's Cabin is the attraction at what is called "the Opera House" in Augusta, Maine.

—E. L. Davenport has been making a successful tour in the Eastern States, accompanied by the Boston Theatre dramatic company.

—A theatrical manager in Worthington, Ohio, advertises a black. A clergyman of that city owns a hundred and fifty darkies, which furnishes him for an audience.

—Mrs. D. P. Bowers is to play an engagement at the Boston Theatre, appearing in the dramatic version of Miss Braddon's lady-killing novels.

—Jackson, Adams is playing in Nashville. He was badly injured in a carriage, which cut on a ride, and narrowly escaped losing his life.

—Charles Keen and wife have made their first appearance in San Francisco. The plays were *The Soldier's Life* and *Henry VIII.*

—Miss Richings is again singing in Italian opera in San Francisco, she appeared as "Leonora" in *Trovatore*. The week before she took in English the leading part in the comedy of *Romance*. The lady has certainly unusual versatility and cultivation.

—*Pauvres the Cricket* is now one of the most popular plays in the country. Maggie Mitchell is giving it at Niblo's, and Mollie Williams at the Bowery in New York, and Charlotte Thompson has been playing it with success at the Norfolk Opera House.

WALKING COATS,

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

HOMICIDE CASE.—This morning Coroner Taylor commenced an inquest upon Stephen Viera, former proprietor of the Southampton Hotel, Second street, below Queen, who was shot yesterday afternoon in his bar-room, by David Gregory, a discharged soldier. Gregory went into the public house in company with John Pedrick, an acquaintance, and drinks were called for. Two whisky bottles and glasses were set before them, and, after a few moments had elapsed, the bartender observing that Gregory had taken a drink, and supposing Pedrick too had done so, was about to replace the bottle of liquor on the shelf, when Pedrick said: "I suppose you will let me have my liquor, as I have paid for it?"

Upon this Mr. Viera, who was standing near, asked the bartender if Pedrick had taken his drink. This led to an altercation between Pedrick and Viera, and the latter going out from behind the counter a scuffle ensued. Gregory was going to the assistance of Pedrick when the bartender interfered and kept him away. The affray being over between Pedrick and Viera, the latter went behind the counter, when Pedrick again demanded his drink, which he said had been paid for. Viera ordered him out of the house, and while he was doing so Gregory drew a revolver and pointed it at Viera, who tried to avoid the shot by dodging. The weapon was at once discharged, and the ball took effect in the head of Viera, entering above the ear, and penetrating the brain.

A rattle was sprung by the bartender, and policemen Wrigley and Hanson, who were near, arrested Gregory and Pedrick at the door of the room. Gregory had the pistol in his hand when taken into custody. He was found guilty and discharged. Both Gregory and Pedrick were intoxicated. They had a hearing before Alderman Carter.

Gregory was committed for the shooting, and Pedrick for disorderly conduct. The wounded man was conveyed to the Hospital in a state of unconsciousness, and died in a few hours. Viera had no family here, but his wife and two children he was expecting a visit from. He was a Portuguese, but had been for some years in this country. His age was about forty. Gregory was well known to the lower part of the city. Before he entered the army he was engaged in oystering.

The above facts were brought out at the inquest this morning, and the jury rendered a verdict accordingly. The prisoner was, therefore, committed to prison to answer the charge of murder.

THE MURDER OF JAMES CAMPBELL.—THE INVESTIGATION CONTINUED BEFORE THE CORONER—VERDICT RENDERED.—Yesterday afternoon Coroner Taylor continued the investigation in the case of JAMES CAMPBELL, who was killed on last Saturday night, during the passage of the Democratic procession. The first witness examined was Enw. DAVIDS. His evidence was as follows:—I was on Chestnut street, above Sixth, on Saturday evening; I noticed an old man struck, but I saw him a minute or two after words; he was lying near the curbstone; I saw several men struck on the sidewalk by those in the line of procession, who had torches. WILLIAM MAXWELL, No. 629 Christian street—I was on Chestnut street, during the disturbance on Saturday night; I was standing about one foot from the old man; I saw several men come out of the procession and strike those on the sidewalk with their banners; missiles were thrown at the time; I saw a police officer; a short distance below me, but did not notice him; I only saw two officers struck in front of the procession; two or three other witnesses were examined, but their evidence threw no light upon the affair. The jury retired and rendered the following verdict:—That the deceased, JAMES CAMPBELL, came to his death on the night of the 29th of October, 1864, in front of the Commissioners' Buildings, from a blow received from a club, or other heavy blunt instrument, at the hands of some person unknown, who came from the seventeenth Ward Association, parading in the democratic torchlight procession."

HEAVY SWINDLING.—An individual, formerly an officer in the Philadelphia Mutual Real Estate Association, was arraigned yesterday, charged, on the oath of Mr. W. T. BAXTER, President of the Association, with having embezzled, in the month of March last, the sum of $5,387·70 belonging to the said institution. He entered the army, and a few days since returned. The accused was held to bail in the sum of $2000 to await a further hearing.

Messrs. Bartholomew and Lamon arrested a man giving the name of David Fould, at his residence in the upper part of the city, on a warrant issued by the authorities at West Chester, charging the said Fould with perjury, and obtaining money from his clerk and decamping with the same. He is said to be the same person who fled the city last winter, and proceeded to Canada. At that time he was charged with being implicated with others in a series of business transactions by which a number of Philadelphia merchants lost $80,000 worth of goods. The prisoner was sent to West Chester.

POLITICAL.—Daniel Dougherty, Esq., delivered the most eloquent and logical address we have heard this year, to the largest audience ever assembled in the Academy of Music. We judge that over forty thousand people were present. The whole affair passed off with great *eclat*.

The Keystone Club closed their campaign last night, the Circus Company having engaged for their performances the classic building so long dedicated to Democracy.

At the Hall of the Union League, a large meeting was held. W. H. KEM, Esq., presided. Addresses, able and eloquent, were delivered by Messrs. H. B. Swoope, of Clearfield; Paxton and Sellis, of this city. Mr. Swoope speaks to-night at Doylestown.

MILITARY FUNERAL.—The funeral of Captain Barrett, of the 61st Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, killed at Cedar creek, Va., October 19, took place this morning at 10 o'clock. The Captain has taken part in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and rose from the ranks. The funeral services took place at the Green street Methodist Episcopal Church, and the interment at Monument Cemetery.

PERSONAL.—Captain Charles I. Wickersham, Assistant Adjutant-General and Inspector-General of the Cavalry Division of the Department of Washington, arrived in this city yesterday. Captain Wickersham—a Philadelphian—is well known to our citizens from the fact of his having been connected with the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry during its glorious actions upon the Peninsula.

FRAUDULENT VOTERS.—During the past few days a large number of young men have arrived in this city from Boston, and taken lodgings in different sailor boarding houses. It is supposed that they have come to this city to participate in the coming election on Tuesday next. A vigilant eye will be kept on persons of this class, and any attempt made by them to vote will meet with due punishment.

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.—This morning Detective Levy arrived from Jersey City, having in his custody a fugitive from justice, named George Forrest, who swindled Samuel Phillips, in N. Seventh street, out of a valuable set of harness, by means of a bogus check. The property was recovered, and Forrest will have a hearing this afternoon.

PICKING POCKETS.—Seth Brown has been committed by Alderman Welding, charged with picking pockets in the saloon of August Bicker, Fifth and Prune streets. The witness against Brown was a boy, about eleven years old, who saw Brown lodge stuff, and drop his hand on the table, while he manipulated the pockets of men in front.

CHARLES M. WARREN, who speaks at the Central Methodist Church to-morrow evening, was for several months a prisoner in the different Rebel prisons, traveled hundreds hundred miles through Dixie, was cooped with other officers to the fire of Charlestown, Charleston, and was exchanged but a few weeks since. He is an able speaker.

DOMESTIC MARKET PRICES.—This morning the following were the ruling prices in our domestic markets:—Apples, per half-peck, 10c.; butter, 45 to 70c.; eggs, 40c.; chickens, 25c. per pound; potatoes, 15 to 20c. per half-peck. In meats the prices are quoted about the same.

SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—Large numbers of sick and wounded soldiers continue to arrive in the city on their way to their homes. They are promptly boarded by the Relief Stations, and pass on after being entertained at the Refreshment Saloons.

THE LATE CAPTAIN TARBUTON.—The remains of Captain G. W. Hawkins, late of the 97th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, reached the city yesterday. The Captain was killed in front of Petersburg.

THE SOLDIERS' READING-ROOM.—During the past season the names of two thousand two hundred and forty-five members were reported at the Soldiers' Reading-room, and six hundred and ninety-nine made were furnished.

SHIPMENT OF COAL.—During the past week 66,203 tons of coal were transported over the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and 25,316 tons by the Schuylkill Navigation coal trade.

ACCIDENT.—Philip Simon was admitted into the hospital yesterday with a broken thigh, caused by a wheel falling on him.

RECRUITING.—This morning, warrants were issued for the payment of the city bounty to twenty-eight men.

VERY LOW PRICES,

RECEPTION OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-SECOND PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT.—Some days since, a portion of the One-hundred-and-ninety-second Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel Wm. B. THOMAS, arrived in the city, but owing to the suddenness of their advent among us, no public demonstration was awarded them. Yesterday afternoon, the balance of the regiment returned and the formal reception took place. It was not until near six o'clock P. M. that the returning companies reached the Depot, Broad and Prime. A fine escort and a large number of citizens were in waiting for them at the Depot and the line of march was taken up in the following order:

Colonel P. C. EDWARDS and Staff.
Band.
Henry Guards, Captain John SPEAR.
One hundred and eighty-seven Pennsylvania Veterans under command of Captain STOKES.
Band.
Thomas Guards, Captain WM CUSHMAN.
The One-hundred-and-ninety-second Regiment, Colonel Volunteers, Colonel THOMAS, preceding the Companies that recently returned.

After passing through a number of the principal streets the procession was escorted to Independence Square, where they were received home by Mayor HENRY on behalf of the city in the following manner:—

Colonel THOMAS, Officers and Soldiers of the One-hundred-and-ninety-second Regiment:—Your friends and fellow-citizens welcome your return to their midst; and in this their earnest desire to manifest their appreciation of the zeal and alacrity with which a few months since you responded to the call for volunteers in an hour of urgent need. The noble attributes ascribed to you in a been promptly and fully realized or fortunate. You have cast behind the miseries of the past, you have stood in the battle-field, and, had opportunity been given, the flag which you carry would have been borne by you proudly, bravely, and with honor to the keeping of the battle. Glad as we are to welcome you to your homes only that you may again go forth among those in arms for our country's cause. It cannot be that the struggle which for nearly four years has been maintained between revolt and loyalty, between the possession of enormous gain and the assurance of avenging justice, will not much longer.

But whether this struggle is to be brought to a speedy end, or whether, through a Providence that we may not comprehend, it be prolonged through years to come, the final issue must and will be the triumph of our Union, and the undying regeneration of its sovereignty and glory. It needs is a few months, at most, that every traveler in the unrepeated regions of rebel leaders, that, it could be, this slaughterous war shall never cease while one man is left to strike in its behalf, then, to the unexpressed blood of our heroes shall be sometimes added the blood of the police less valuable to our free institutions; by the love we bear our land; by the duty we owe our God, let this war go on until the last armed traitor be stricken down behind the last intrenchment of an overthrown Rebellion.

Each day since the beginning of the war has increased the melancholy obligations of every citizen to the gallant men who have exposed or are now periling health and life for the preservation of our Government and national honor. Belonging to such gallant host, all of you have earned a title to the gratitude of those whose rights and liberties you have aided to protect.

Sir, more than once you have relinquished the quiet of civil station that you might participate in the defense of your city and state, or lead your comrades to the more severe scenes of military duty. The remembrance of the noble spirit of devotion to your country's service will afford you richer and purer satisfaction than all the offices or honors of future years.

Soldiers, many of you have at different times, while your pre-eminent commander, proved yourselves of bold resolution and manly nerve. Whether to draw the line from your own homes, or to guard your nation's flag wherever you have raised its standard. The homes which joyously await your presence will be all the brighter from the proud approval of their loved ones, and all the dearer from the service that will forever be treasured in their memory.

Three hearty cheers for Major Henry were then given by the regiment, followed by the same number for Colonel THOMAS, who replied on behalf of the regiment.

Colonel THOMAS said that on behalf of the One-hundred-and-ninety-second Regiment he returned thanks to the Mayor for the peculiarly kind expressions used by him in welcoming his regiment home. He said the regiment had done its duty; had gone where ordered, and performed everything required of it, but still he felt that although the men had done their duty nearly heroically and had endured much something more was required of them. Many duties yet remained to be performed and he wished to see his men continue in the service of the country. He had expressed such a wish to them, and felt satisfied that seventy-five per cent. of them would reenlist for one year at least. He felt that his men had not yet all returned to their homes only that you may again go forth among those in arms for our country's cause. He need not find

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

OH NO, WE NEVER MENTION HIM.

A NO. ONE will be very similar when after the 8th of November next:

Oh no, we never mention him,
His name is never heard;
Ye loyal lips decline to speak
The once familiar word.
We talk of Lincoln, Sheridan,
Of Sherman and of Grant;
But oh, dear, is another nine
Of which he is the patriot cant.
He was a very common man,
And promising, you know;
But then he made a great mistake
And found it would not go.

Oh no, we never mention him,
His name is never heard,
Compared to whom Napoleon
Does richly deserve no award.
He once was great as Bragdgy,
And kept an Arkansaw;
But when he died, he left a hole
And buried it out yonder.
Away by Chickahominy
He was a mighty digger,
The King of Seceders, a Democrat,
And down upon the nigger.

Oh no, we never mention him,
His name is never heard,
There seems a kind of reticence
About that little word.
From bar to bar we travel round
To banish our regret,
And smile, and smile, and smile again,
In order to forget,
We often mention Farragut,
Dupont, and Porter, too;
But never speak of Little ——,
Of Little—you know who.

Oh no, we never mention him,
His name is never heard,
He's hopped the twig of politics,
Sic transit, little bird,
He got seduced by crafty men,
Who slapped him on the back,
And said we'll make a President
Of ——no, I've lost the knack
Of uttering that little word,
I cannot get it out;
And yet we used to see his name
Once blazoned all about.

Oh no, we never mention him,
His name is never heard,
He's dead and buried, so he is;
Hic jacet, little bird,
In wide oblivion's dimmest nook,
A shingle marks the place,
Bearing this misspelt epitaph:
O, "Reqiest in Face."
Yes, Rest in Peace, let no rude hand
Disturb the humble bed
Of this here foolish, nice young man,
This "coppered" Copperhead.

Freak of Fashion—Red Hair.

A Paris correspondent of the London Post, October 12, writes the following:—

A thoughtful and inquiring English friend coming away from the races last Sunday, observed:—"How very odd, so many pretty young ladies driving themselves in basket carriages, but still more strange, how many of them have what I suppose we must politely call 'golden hair!' What is nature about that she is producing so many reddish flaxen-haired beauties just now?" Mrs. M. (who is very severe) being present, I indulged in a significant frown at my friend, the innocent husband of the said lady. A solemn silent pause ensued, which Mrs. M. broke eventually by observing:—"Is it true that the Emperor is lame, and that the Empress never speaks to her husband? What wonderful stories we get over from Great Britain?"

I think I may say a few words about the singular practice of doing something, I presume chemical, to the human hair which turns certain dear ladies of natural and varied complexions into a series of uniform blondes, approaching what a Yorkshire man would call "a red-haired lass." Poets and painters, we know, prefer this color. Shakespeare, Dante, Tasso, and Goethe, and all the old Italian and Spanish painters, go in for reddish fair hair. All the people of the sunny South like that color by instinct. But, until the present day, lovely women generally contented themselves with the tint nature bestowed. We have all read about the period of patches and powder, and have seen the hair in drawings at different epochs of civilized history turned into every conceivable conceit, from the classically beautiful, when the ringlets were at the back of the head, to later days, when they hung in corkscrew luxuriance about the ears. At what period in the world's history did a lady whose hair was naturally brown or black deliberately go to the hair *artists* and request that *coiffeur* to return it into a light red? That is what some ladies of Paris are now doing. It is the fashion. Yet more wonderful things still are done to make ladies more beautiful. Masses of hair, over engrossing in size, are stuck on where nature's handiwork ends. These bosses commenced with us modestly enough; they are now about the circumference of a soup plate. As much as one hundred francs are paid for one of these hairy deceptions, which are generally imprisoned in network, occasionally studded with diamonds, and often half erected with a broad golden comb. Do you think invention ends here? Not a bit of it.

The front hair is a curious nest of floral and other conceits, reminding us of an old poet's lines:—

> Her hair was rolled in many a curious fold,
> Which like a rich and earthless coronet
> Upon whose arches twenty Cupids lay.

And then the little hats with more curious feathery conceits. As a Frenchman said the other day:—*Trop de chevaux et pas assez de chapeaux.* What an elaborate get-up appears to be now necessary to invite the more delicate affections of the heart. And how odd this *coiffeur* will look when a quarter of a century has passed away! Do we not now wonder how our fathers fell desperately in love with ladies who dressed in the fashion of the first empire; with waists under their arms, and such a coiffe head-dress? We almost marvel they married such queer figures, and that we were consequently brought into this wicked world. Go and see the pale gingerbread wig with long plaits descending to the feet of Madame Carvalho, as "Marguerite" in *Faust* (when playing at the Lyrique). Go and see how the doctor passionately runs about the garden after that romantic *coiffeur*. Let us humbly treat all opinions with sublime respect. No one is superior to their influence. There will always be at least one tyrant in the world as long as fashion exists. All youthful male Paris now falls down and worships red hair.

Dulness.

Though we say that confessions of dulness seldom meet with sympathy, unless relieved by wit and humor, yet all artistic pictures of dulness make a deep impression. This was the point of Mme D'Arblay's "Memoirs." The frightful dulness and vacuity to which her life was suddenly reduced, appalled and fascinated every reader; and those who heard Mr. Thackeray's lecture on George III will not forget those evenings spent all alike in dancing three hours to ouse tune, and going supperless to bed. It would have been better for himself and for his sons if the poor king had realized that this was dull work; and there is a great deal of dulness in the world, not confined to courts, that passes for virtue and turns into habit, which it is well should be now and then exposed. A sense of dulness might thus become a spur stimulating to higher and better satisfactions.

The world is too often unfeeling on this point, yet it needs only to enter into another's dulness to pity it. We have heard somewhere of the inhabitants of a country town who, in their own way, were never dull. They had found out one remedy, the more effectual because they had never conceived of any other—one and all played cards. At length a stranger arrived among them who could not take a hand at whist—who did not, in fact, know one card from another. He had to confess his ignorance before a large company. The circle heard in silent amazement. At length his *host*, realising the joyless blank, the utter dulness of such an existence, exclaimed in terms which alone could convey the intensity of his sympathy, "What, sir! not play at cards! The Lord help you!"—*Essays on Social Subjects.*

A Woman's Vengeance.

At Jaroslaw, on the Wolga, Mr. K., one of the richest landholders in the Government of Tjul, was walking with a friend, when suddenly, without apparent provocation, Count R. sprang upon him and struck him violently in the face. They fought next day, and the Count fell dead with a bullet in his breast. He had lived in great retirement with his wife and two lovely daughters in a castle adjacent to an estate of Mr. K's. The latter, a very handsome man, applied himself to the seduction of the Count's eldest daughter, and, having succeeded, abandoned her for a time in order to seduce her sister. The elder girl, furious with her lover, confessed all to her father, and hence the duel. Miss de R., in despair at her father's death, in her turn challenged her faithless lover, and when he refused to fight a woman, she put on man's clothes and struck him in the public *cafe*. To avoid scandal, Mr. K. thought it advisable to fly from the woman he had injured, and he set out on a journey. It is said Miss de R. has sworn to pursue and overtake him, and judging from her previous conduct one may well have the courage and energy to keep her word.—*Correspondence London Times.*

BARON STEUBEN.

The last *North American Review* has an article on Baron Steuben, in which his career in this country is depicted. The writer thus speaks of his impecuniosity, and his methods of life. We quote:—

"Steuben's first step was to draw up a plan of proposed drill, and, after revising it, with the assistance of Hamilton, Hamilton, and Laurens, submit it to Washington for approval. Washington approved and transmitted it to Congress. There was no time to lose. Winter was passing, and the moment for opening a new campaign drawing unusually near. With you would begin to resemble a plant shut away from the genial influence of light and heat. Washington, with great support and assistance, I am," replied Steuben.

"He began by drafting from the first a hundred and twenty men as a guard for the commander-in-chief, and a military school for aimed. These men he trained with a will, and soon got out an effective show at the present time of four and a half battalions. Washington's confidence increased in the officer as a man of sense and honor, and as officer's training, he took his own hands and showed them how to wield them to handle to. At every drill his directions were required to be present, and disabilities many officers and soldiers were present, too, without reasons. In a fortnight the camp by laws perfectly new to most among us, a military air, knew how to march, form in column, deploy, and resume some skilful manœuvres. The fame of Steuben's success in drilling troops soon informed and the Baron Steuben acquainted with facts and difficulties—between the Baron Steuben in good humor and the same gentleman (moderately) angry and fretted.

"At last the work was done: copies were sent to Governors of States, and distributed through the army; and for the first time since the war began American officers had a clear and definite guide for the performance of their duties."

After the war, Baron Steuben settled on the land (16,000 acres) given him by the State of New York, and lying and being in Oneida county, twelve miles north of Utica.

"It was a rough, stony tract, fitter for grazing than planting, with a high ridge running across it from which as his eye became familiar with the landscape, he could distinguish the highlands of seven different counties, and, gleaming over the tree-tops on the farthest verge of the horizon, the bright waters of Oneida Lake. This was his home during the active months of the year, and when the cold months came, and armies went into winter quarters, he would turn his face southward, and assume his station at No. 216 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church. As a landholder, he could indulge his generous impulses, and more than one who had no other claim upon him than what the name of old soldier gave him received a grant of sixty or a hundred acres, either as a free gift or on terms that differed little from it. As a farmer, he could indulge his love for methodic organization and a methodic division of his time.

"Sixty acres were set apart and cleared for the manor house, which was to be a building suited to his rank and habits of life. Meanwhile as contented himself with a log house, enlarged after a short time by the addition of a frame house of two rooms. Here Mullican, then a young man fresh from Columbia College, who served him as a secretary, was his constant inmate; North or Walker, or some other old companion, often coming to stay a week or more with him while some of his nearer neighbors, the most welcome among whom was a Dutch emigrant named Mapps, a gentleman of distinguished ability and high culture, frequently visited him to talk over the questions of the day, and the news from Europe. This news he got from the London *Gazette*, the *Parliament's Messenger* of those days, and inexplicably strange it seemed to him, at times, especially when he read therein that the Prussian eagles had turned back in humiliation, retreat before the tri-colored flag of the new republic."

Finally, in November, 1794, Steuben died. He was buried near his house, but his grave, not many years after, had to give way to the march of improvement. The writer says:—

"Alas! that for this wonded and war worn frame it should not have been the last rest! But, early in the present century, the town, which had outgrown the mem ry of its highest honor, wanted a road, and the engineer who laid it out ran it over Steuben's grave. The coffin was laid bare, remaining exposed for some days to the gazers and the chances of the weather. It is even said, and we fear with too much truth, that some one, a little more daring in sacrilege, broke it open and tore off a piece of his military cloak.

At last the fragments were reached the ears of Colonel Walker, who, hastening to the spot, had his coffin taken up and removed to a neighboring hillside, where, under the shade of primeval forest trees, with fragrant flowers laughing all around, and within sound of a little brook, whose waters chime sweetly with the music of the winds and the birds, a simple slab still bears the name of Steuben."

THACKERAY ON DEATH.

It would be singular to learn the real opinions of the notable men of the day on the "last of earth." Probably few in their published works tell really what they feel on this subject, but sometimes they unveil their thoughts in private letters, as Thackeray has done in a letter to Mr. W. B. Reed, of Philadelphia. Mr. Thackeray writes on hearing of the death of Mr. Reed's brother:—

"The ghostly struggle over, who would pity any one that departs? It is the survivors one commiserates in the case of such a good, pious, tender-hearted man as he seemed whom God Almighty has just called back to Himself. He appeared to me to have all the sweet domestic virtues which make the pang of parting only the more cruel to those who are left behind; but that *loss*, what a gain to him! A just man summoned by God, for what purpose can he go but to meet the divine love and goodness? I never think about deploring such; and as you and I send for our children, meaning them only love and kindness, how much more *Puter Noster's*."

To Ensure Health for Children.—Give them plenty of milk, plenty of flannel, plenty of air, and let them have plenty of sleep, and they will seldom, if ever, all any. That is, milk is the best diet; they must be warmly clothed and must be much out of doors, and must be allowed to sleep on till they waken of their own accord.

Temperature of the Sexes.

Last week, at a meeting of one of the sections of the British Association, Dr. Davy, in a short paper, gave the results of some experiments he had made as to the relative temperature of the two sexes. The theory of Aristotle, that a man possessed more warmth than a woman, had been disputed; and it had been held by some, as the result of modern research, that the temperature of women was slightly superior to that of men. Notwithstanding this, however, from such observations as he had been able to make, he considered the early opinion the more correct. Taking the average, it appeared that the temperature of males and females was 16 deg. to 19 deg. He had more recently made some more accurate observations, using a thermometer of great delicacy, and taking in the parts of the body experimented on, the mouth, armpit, and three stations, as in good health.

The result was that the temperature in the case of the men varied between 98 and 99½, that of a woman was between 97½ and 99. An examination of other authors gave a still somewhat higher temperature for the male than the female, as bowls showing the proportion of 100 for the former to 99·70 for the latter. The President thought that whatever differences of opinion there might be with respect to the accuracy of the author's conclusions, all would agree, he was sure, that if men were more warm-blooded than women, the women were the more warm-hearted. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Dr. Hodgson asked whether Dr. Davy had made any experiments as to the power of resisting variation of temperature in the sexes, and whether he had pursued any connection between that and the usual average temperature: it makes considerable difference whether they are able to resist alternations of temperature better than females?

No doubt men were more exposed to influence of weather in their various avocations; but, on the other hand, he believed it was a matter of observation that females did not clothe themselves so warmly as men. Dr. Davy said the probability was, that women did not resist cold so well as men, one that the greater the strength and energy, the larger the quantity of blood flowing, the greater would be the power of resistance. Generally speaking, he believed that women suffered more from cold than men, and really required a warmer clothing than men. (Hear, hear.) Dr. Hodgson remarked that the conclusion to which the lecturer arrived as was only a verification of what *a priori* reasoning would have led to, from the larger quantity of carbonic acid taken by the men, and their probable larger consumption of sugar. The President said it was a matter of fact, and not a theory, that they were dealing with; and if it was true that the amount of heat generated in the case of a man was greater than with a woman, there was a greater expenditure of heat with the male than the female.

New York Dogs.

The bow-wows are very scarce. The dog is somehow at a discount in New York. I am afraid the fierce young Bohemians of the back streets have "run him out." Even the fashionables don't seem to patronize him much in the pug, or poodle, or toy-terrier shape. Shoddy sometimes sports a Danish dog behind his carriage, but its appearance in that capacity is unfrequent. He is not much cared about as a lap-dog. The shrewd Yankee works him sometimes as a beast of draught; and the heavily-laden dog-barrows of the costermongers are, to those who love dogs and their honest ways, among the most painful sights of New York. You fail, however, to meet the dog at large, the dog who has business down town, and drops in on his way to make friendly calls on other dogs; the dog who stops to see a fight or to ask a stranger—a dog, of course—what time it is.

You miss the dog who runs at the side of the Hansom cab, or surrounds the pile of merchandise in the spring van, barking furiously, but harmlessly, at society in general. You miss the dog on the doorstep, lazily basking in the sun; or running after his own tail; or blinking into immensity, in doggish abstraction inscrutable to us; or lunching frugally on the flies he by artful snaps can catch; or playing with the children, suffering himself by turns to be made a baby, a saddle-horse, a shuttle-cock, and a railway locomotive; or with gruffly joyous bark welcoming home the working man as he returns to dinner; or demurely trotting by the house-mother's side on her way to market, now taking a flying bite at the nose of the greengrocer's dog, an ill-conditioned brute with whom he has a standing grudge on a disputed question of paunch—though blighted love had, perchance, something to do with the feud; now sitting at the butcher's shop, too honest to snatch at the pendant ox-tail, too wise to risk a clutch at the swinging leg of mutton, but inhaling the glorious aroma of the meaty Eden; now nervously sniffing as the saw goes through the bone of beef, and the odor of marrow is wafted on the breeze; now pendently wagging his tail as the juicy liver plumps into the scale; now licking those chops of his as the rich suet is pared from the edges of the steak. I don't see this dog in New York. The Yankee dog, when I find him, seems a gaunt, discontented, wolfish mongrel, loafing about bars, or skirmishing round gambling dens.—*G. A. Sala.*

Muscular Strength.

The muscular strength of the human body is indeed wonderful. A Turkish porter will trot at a pace and carry a weight of six hundred pounds. Milo, a celebrated athlete of Crotona, Italy, accustomed himself to carry the greatest burdens, and by degrees became a monster in strength. It is said that he carried on his shoulders an ox four years old, weighing upwards of one thousand pounds, and afterwards killed him with one blow of his fist. He was seven times crowned at the Pythian games, and six at the Olympic. He presented himself the seventh time; but no one had the courage to enter the lists against him. He was one of the disciples of Pythagoras, and to his uncommon strength the learned preceptor and his pupils owed their lives.

The pillars which supported the roof of the house suddenly gave way, but Milo supported the roof of the building, and gave the philosopher time to escape. In old age he attempted to pull up a tree by the roots and break it. He partially effected it; but his strength being gradually exhausted, the tree, where split, reunited, and left his hand pinched in the body of it. He was then alone; and unable to disengage himself, died in that position. Haller mentioned that he saw a man whose finger caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent supported, by that means, the whole weight of his body, one hundred and fifty pounds, until he was drawn up to the surface, a distance of six hundred feet.

Augustus II. King of Poland, could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper and twist the strongest horseshoe asunder. A man is said to have let the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. The most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by the fish. The whale moves with a velocity through a dense medium, water, that would carry him around the world in less than a fortnight; and a sword-fish has been known to strike his weapon through the plank of a ship.

A Strange Story from Russia.

A letter from St. Petersburg, to an English paper, mentions an extraordinary affair which lately occurred in the town of Orel, in Russia. A great local landowner had a large sum (forty-three thousand silver roubles) to receive through the police office of that town. On applying for the amount he was told that the money could not be handed over to him unless he procured the office with five thousand silver roubles. He refused, and immediately reported the case to St. Petersburg, and the money was paid over to him. But on the evening of the same day, as he was quietly smoking in his study, a loud ring was heard at the bell. The servant on opening the door was instantly followed, and four men, their faces covered with black crape, rushed into the room. The landowner asked them what they wanted; they plainly told him he must hand over his forty-three thousand roubles. With the greatest coolness he went over to his strong box, opened it, seized a revolver, which was laid on the top shelf, and shot two of the robbers dead, the other two immediately taking to their heels. He then sent for assistance, the police, &c., and on the crepe being removed from the faces of the dead men they were recognised as the head of the police and his secretary. The body of the former has been removed to Nice for interment.

Pleasure of English Railway Traveling.

A correspondent of the London *Times* tells the following story:—

On the 2d instant I was one of three travelers by the 8·40 P. M. limited mail from the Euston Square station. We occupied a first-class compartment of the Glasgow carriage. The train had barely started when we saw a man's hand push out from below the seat opposite, immediately followed by his head and body. In a moment he was standing before us, saying:—"Believe me, gentleman, I am not a Muller," followed by a long story of being in consumption, and wanting to go to Stafford, as he said, "to die." We had two hours before us before the train would stop. To communicate our position to any one was impossible, the train going forty miles an hour at least. At last we arrived at Rugby, and when we called the guard and removed our fellow-traveler, I can assure you it was some relief. Had there been but one of us, or had there been only ladies, perhaps he might have said, "I am another Muller," and have acted in the same way. At any rate we were all thankful to get out of it so well, and rid of such a companion.

Tricks of Shopkeepers.

The London *Builder* has an article upon sundry tricks of shopkeepers in England, which, doubtless, have their counterpart in this region. We quote:—

Great facilities for fraud are afforded by the kind of small weighing machines often used by fishmongers and cakers, and on account of the greater number of fulcra (six), and the greater area of the disk and the snake-pan in which the counterpoises vs the weights are respectively placed. There is now an itinerant mender and seller of gold and silver objects traveling in the country districts of Buckinghamshire, who uses a small pair of steel scales especially made for a nasty use. The weights are, of course, stamped, and are correct, but one arm of the beam of the scale is longer than the other. When he buys, he puts the article in the scale fitted to the long arm. He manages to travel about, like an old-clothes man, with a bag and a hoop, and we only hope that a sharp horse-dealer may some day succeed in selling a horse who one he judges to be other than the disingenuous member of the fraternity.

Among some other contriving tradesmen, fishmongers have a particular preference for dynamical means of increasing their gains. Hooking up the scales to the left hand, the two or three ounces of resource are briskly banged upon the scale which has the effect of causing the whole to quickly vibrate up and down, and then, after two or three oscillations, producing an apparent balance, the scales are quickly turned on to the counter, and the parcel is wrapped up and sold. It is not an unusual thing to observe pubicans' pewter pots with the bottoms knocked up, so that with the aid of careful development of froth on the top, the customers get very much less than the "imperial pint." But then if the beers be adulterated with, say "corn coumha," then two negatives fr ath produce a positive benefit to the consumer, upon the same principle that a homœopathic quack is perhaps safer than an allopathic quack. In the same way, the bottoms of dry measures are sometimes driven up, brass weights are filed away, and the leaden pieces of cast-iron weights are partly cut out. At the same time, these latter expedients are too clumsy to be at all safe, and are liable to be instantly detected by the inspector.

The steelyards used by itinerant fruiterers greatly facilitate fraud, even when correct weights are used. As it is, weights—particularly brass weights—are continually liable to get light, and this is especially the case through the salt and grease furthering the effects of friction on the weights of sugar bakers, grocers, oilmen, and salt merchants. A great number of the shopkeepers of the metropolis pay a kind of insurance premium against any unfortunate results of the visits of the inspectors of weights and measures. They pay a certain sum per quarter to some weight and scale-maker in the neighborhood, who examines at intervals the state of the weights and scales, and engages to pay a fine which may result from the inherently defective state. This plan is no doubt very generally used, and for our own part, if we were inspecting weights and measures we should pay very particular visits to the shops not under this kind of supervision.

Exercise for Girls.

But it is when we begin to examine the subjects of the exercise which girls at school receive that the great error of all comes to light—the error which increases tenfold the evil results of every other. There is not a want that has been enumerated as affecting boys; there is not an ailment through which they must pass, but must be experienced also by girls. They grow as rapidly; the laws of their development are the same; there is no single reason why they should be denied their share in this all-important agent of health; yet the idea of making any provision for its employment—nay, the idea of employing it at all—seems never to have been contemplated. The two-and-two walk is the sole and single form of exercise that appears ever to have presented itself as being necessary or even desirable.

Can we wonder, then, that the hollow chest and twisted spine are so sadly frequent, or that the habit of long-continued sitting should act so fatally upon the healthful and symmetrical development of the whole body? Is it strange that so few grow to womanhood either healthy or graceful? Is it not rather a matter of wonder that any should do so at all? It may be objected that a larger allowance of playtime would too greatly interfere with the studies. But I answer that it is not found to do so in boys' schools. On the contrary, it is found that a boy comes fresher to his work from a game, and fresher still from his half-holiday pastime. And, even if it did curtail the time for school-work, could this not afford to be reduced?

Are there none of the studies which could be dispensed with or curtailed for so important a purpose? Is, for instance, the custom of requiring girls to sit for two and even three hours a day, every day in the week, upon a high stool, practising music, good for either hand or body—extended, too, as it is, to almost all, weak or strong, clever or dull, finding pleasure in it from force of natural taste or talent, or loathing it as a mere wearisome mechanical labor. Would the loss be great if some portion of this were curtailed for the sake of present and future health? Or is it an advantageous method of preparation for their coming years, that our girls, at this time of rapid growth, when the body is taking the shape which it is to carry through life, should be bending for hours at a time over the drawing-board, the highest attainable aim in the majority of instances being the power of copying, with some degree of correctness, the work of another person? Where there is indication of actual talent, of real liking for either of these pursuits, there is doubtless great reason why it should receive all due cultivation and encouragement, and some less promising school duty may give way to it; but where there is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positive cruelty?—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Question of the Women.

Women are very haughty creatures—very resentful of any supposed slight—very aggressive, besides, if they imagine the time for attack favorable. Will they sit down patiently as makers of pill-boxes and artificial flowers? Will they be satisfied with their small gains and smaller consideration? Will there not be ambitious spirits amongst them who will ask, What do you mean to offer us? We are of a class who neither care to bind books nor sew patterns. We are your equals—if we were not intellectually modest, we might say something more than your equals—in acquirement and information. We have our smattering of physical-science humbug, as you have; we are read up in theological dispute, and are as ready as you to stand by Moses against Colenso; in modern languages we are more than your match.

What have you to offer us if we are too proud, or too poor, or too ugly, or anything else, to stand waiting for a buyer in the marriage market of Belgravia? You will not suffer us to enter the learned professions nor the service; you will not encourage us to be artizans, attorneys, land agents, or engineers. We know and we feel that there is not one of these callings either above our capacity or unsuited to our habits, but you deny us admittance, and how we ask. What is your scheme for our employment? What project have you that may point out to us a future of independence and a station of respect? Have you in a planet or, failing it, have you the courage to proclaim to the world that all your boasted civilization can offer us is to become the governesses to the children of our luckier sisters? But there are many of us totally unsuited to this, brought up in other ways and habits that would make such an existence something very like penal servitude—what will you do with us?—*Blackwood.*

The Moor of Rannoch.

The Moor of Rannoch is said to be one of the dreariest regions in Europe. If there is a spot on this fair earth of ours forgotten by Nature herself, that spot is the Moor of Rannoch. It is impossible to imagine a more lonely and desolate scene. You may travel through it for two days in a straight line without seeing a human being—a sign, a trace, a recollection of man, or indeed of any living thing. The bleating of sheep, the scream of the curlew, the wail of the plover, or the hum of the yellow heather-bee—sounds familiar in other districts of the Highlands—never break its absolute and solemn silence. Vegetation there is none save heather, and the usual rank weeds and rushes growing in the black bogs. I observed, in all this wide waste, only one tree, a small stunted pine, stretching its ragged and dusky arm to the pitiless heavens, as if praying to be delivered from a solitude which weighed upon its green life as upon the spirit of a living thing.

Instead of relieving the solitude of the place, it only added to its oppressiveness. A roofless cottage, far away in some green spot among the hills, with nettles and thistles growing thick on its threshold and around the hearth, where the household fire has long been cold, and the merry voices long stilled, is truly a lonely spectacle; but let one solitary mountain ash or pine tree wave its sombre foliage over it, and how much is the feeling of solitude deepened and enhanced!—*Chambers' Journal.*

—An Irishman being asked which was oldest, he or his brother, "I am eldest," said he, "but if my brother lives three years longer, we shall be both of an age."

—What is the difference between the species of oyster known as the aviculæ and a matinee who rises at five in the morning?—Because the one is mother-o'-pearl, the other mother up early (!)

—There are to be vivandieres appointed to the Scotch regiments. So delighted were the men at the intelligence that the band and bagpipes immediately struck up "The Camp-bells are coming."

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WHITE VIRGIN WA

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

THE BEGGAR.

BY NANCY ASHMEAD TOWNSEND.

A beggar through the world am I—
From place to place I wander by;
Full many people a scorn for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity.

A little of the abundance see
Hempped with hasty precipitance.
O! such, give me—
Than the world's alms-very much more
And I give gently to and fro,
While my alms-basket sinks below
And fills a brimming overflow.

Some of thy sister's sighing might,
Rosalind will through the sad world
Bear some a solace and withering blight—
Thou'lt have two of that.
The changing April sky of cheer,
And the frozen isle of encumbrance—
Give me, O! gentle giver.

Some of thy patient nurse service,
Some of thy sister's sighing grief,
For in the world of sorrow—
That grief is one of the most fatal sights,
And gives me to a form of saints,
Ready to die of grief to-night—
O! kindly memorial thing!

A little of thy sweetness,
Or thy sparkling, faint comfort,
Give me, my cheerful maiden,
That I may child be called of God
And glad consolation wherever I be,
Though fickle fate has chained me
In some hateful abode.

Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the world;
Ye have gone out to fill my mouth;
But goodness, old friends, every one,
Ever to go over set of sun;
Of all good things I would have part;
The very weight are I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To be of thee, dear Violet,
Some of thy modesty!
The bounties here as well, means,
As if to me the world thou dost bless,
Oh give, to strengthen me.

TIT FOR TAT.

I was going one morning from Southampton to London. I had the carriage to myself as far as Kingston; but a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance, and manner. He was in evening dress—everything about him, from the silk-faced dress coat to the patent-leather boots, being bran-new. A fact of which he was far from being unconscious; each of his garments, in turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiquette was his necktie—a blue one, negligently arranged *a la* Byron under a rolling collar.

From this I augured that he was a poet, for turn-down collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrific gills, which, in short-necked men, endangered the safety of their whiskers and ears. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl being combated by the copious exhibition of grease, and probably by assiduous brushing.

His face, however, was somewhat against my theory; instead of being thin and pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, dumpling-like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, as he chuckled from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks, and presented to view a mere slit; his nose, short, turned up, and garnished at the tip with six or seven curly hairs: his mouth expansive, and his teeth very good: fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come down.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to *embonpoint*.

In his button hole he wore a magnificent white camelia, which, I regret to say, I saw, admired, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means if possible, if not, by foul.

This flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence a conversation which would acquire me the good graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camelia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying:—

"Candidly, sir, what do you think of my collar?"

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as the work showed him to be a man of no common ability. I added that he was fortunate in having a client whose figure and hair would set off garments, even though fabricated with less consummate skill.

He tried to look modestly unconscious, and said:—

"And who, sir, may this client be with the *distingue* figure and hair? As you say you do not know my tailor, I might almost fancy your flattering observations were addressed to me; but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather below than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes men like you and me from the common herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them. No, sir, really; no, indeed, sir, really;" and he chuckled, blinked his eyes, and cast glances on his round little limbs of more than paternal fondness. I perceived that he was not inaccessible to flattery, and did not despair of obtaining the camelia by fair means.

"I should apologize," said I, "for so personal a remark; it slipped from me unconsciously; but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the gentler sex. You are not insensible to their witcheries; I see that in your eye; nay, that camelia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy bondman of some black-eyed houri."

"How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love; but how did you find out the color of her eyes?"

"Well, I did not positively. I thought it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have blue eyes, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?"

"Well, I can hardly tell you; I trust you may be right, but the fact is, I have never seen the lady's eyes."

"Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see; a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle police, white hand, one raven lock just peeping from its concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little tiddlyiddly feet."

"Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "We are kindred spirits—you have felt the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp, and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, sir, brother poets. Were it not a breach of the confidence he has reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our hopes, and our sorrows."

"You forget that so long as you conceal the lady's name there can be no breach of confidence. She is an unknown quantity; let X represent her."

"Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative; she would then become double, treble, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout."

"Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a slender and graceful letter."

"Good, let Y, for the moment, represent, unworthily, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, sir, as you have already perceived, and not altogether unknown to the public; in the Poet's Corner of the Trottingbury *Mercury*, *except a numerous are perennius!* You may have seen some of my contributions to that journal signed Beta. I will just repeat you my 'Ode to the Morning.'"

"Pray, don't take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to ——— at the Athenæum Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story."

"You have read my poem, then; I had scarcely ventured to hope that the weak breathings of my muse had penetrated so far as London."

"Why, my dear Sir, there are six copies of the Trottington *Mercury* on the table of the Athenæum Club, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them; yet no one reads any part of it but the 'Poet's Corner.'"

"Not Trottington, Trottingbury. Well, I'll go on with my story. One evening I had just finished my 'Imitations of Anacreon,' and taken them to the office of the Trottingbury *Mercury*. The last feeble flicker of twilight was about to give way to the solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a calm quiet about the hour, that seemed to soften the heart to prepare it for gentle impressions. In front of the office of the Trottingbury *Mercury* is a garden. There roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful woodbine should twine round the trellis-work, and the stately lily should be there in the pride of her virgin purity; but I regret to say it is planted with potatoes. In this garden there are two gates. I was going down the path which leads to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition. I never read the works of other people, it destroys originality of thought.) As I was going down this path, I chanced to look towards the other gate; a fairy form was passing through it. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden to choose, but the potato stalks tripped me up, and I fell, sprained my ankle, and was incapacitated for further pursuit. I limped back to the office, and asked the clerk,—

"Who is that divine creature who has just left the office?"

"Hush," said he, stamping, "a contributor to the 'Poet's Corner.'"

"Ah! I guess, then—I know it must be so. What is her name?"

"Won't tell you," said the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek, "she wishes to remain incog."

"Is she in my regions, I entreated to my comb, but not to desert. That vision will haunt me, the thought of the white hand the raven locks, the taper ankle, the thiddly-iddly feet. Nevertheless, my evening dress I left in the office in case it might again meet her eye, but in vain. She never went near the office a month, and every day I suffered a relapse of love, no appetite diminished, and I lost flesh; very much in short. At length a happy inspiration came to me. I would pour out my soul in poetry. I would tell my love in the Poet's Corner of the Trottingbury *Mercury*. She was a poetess, she would read it; the sympathy which exists between kindred minds would enter that place was the subject addressed. I wrote one, three entitled 'A Hibernian Twilight Video.' Never in my most inspired moments had I written anything surpassed the two last words upon the former occasion, for I mean only imagination there, now I felt them. I will give you these lines."

"Pray don't, sir. I can imagine them well."

"If you are that she to whom they were addressed would read them and reply; and I was not disabled. The next time I came to the office the clerk said—'there is a letter here meant for you, I suppose.' It was directed, 'Poet's Corner, contributor to the Poet's Corner of the Trottingbury *Mercury*.' The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the similarity of sound wasted on the rose-scented note. It showed she wasn't a idle shocking, and I opened it.

"It was a few short, very short, we commenced a correspondence. She knew never met, but was she that she was a resident at Purnell's, the livery-stable keeper, in Cornhill. It is in honor of this that I wear for the first time those garments, the fitting of which you so justly admire."

"And the camelia," I suggested, "don't you think that a bedding rose would be more emblematic of your rising hopes?"

"By no means; I should have told you that is the signal for our recognition; we are each to wear a white camelia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Pavida est decessus dura.* I had begun by coveting one fair camelia, and resolving to obtain it by fair means if possible. I now resolved to use the fairest means, if necessary, for its capture, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camelia now in possession of the poetess of Trottingbury. To what a precipice was my passion for white camelias hurrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it, or take it by force.

Calling his attention to some objects on the roadside, I dexterously secured the stalk with a tap from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocket unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart the contents of the "Poet's Corner," in the Trottingbury *Mercury*, it would still be a treat to hear some of those *chefs-d'œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his cutaway, he favored me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry until our arrival at the Exeter station. I then took a hurried leave of him, jumped into a cab, and transferring the camelia from my pocket to my buttonhole, drove to Purnell's to complete my conquest.

What I found there. Being in a capital humor, I was about to give the coachman a double fare. But what!—he had not a penny in his pockets one after another; no purse; the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

"My good man," said I, "I find that I have lost my purse, but my portmanteau is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Drive me to Lincoln's Inn Fields. I have a friend there who will lend me some money." The cabman saw the justice of my remark, and drove me to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where my friends received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal.

The journey was rather an expensive one for me, for not only was my purse gone, but my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the poet and I had been intent on similar designs; but while my ambition extended no further than white camelias, he had a weakness for articles of value and current coin of the realm.

It is needless to add that I did not return to Purcell's to complete my conquest, nor have I ever again met my friend, the poet.—*London Once-a-Week.*

LL. D.

The degree *Doctor Legum*, or Doctor of Laws, as originally given in the universities of Europe, indicated just this, that a man was so learned in the Civil and in the Canon Law as to be competent to teach them. The reason why they said Law instead of Law, and consequently why the abbreviation is LL. D. instead of L. D. is that there were two bodies or systems of Law studied and taught in these universities, the Civil Law and the Canon Law, and the person doctorated must be a master of both. We say in this country of a distinguished judge or advocate that he is learned in the Law. Not so in the Middle Ages. They said of such a person that he was learned in the Laws. What the Common Law is to Englishmen and Americans were and are the Civil and Canon Laws to most Europeans. The difference between these three bodies of Law is a point worth noticing.

The Common Law is the law of England. It was a home growth on English soil, and no exotic from a foreign land. It was not introduced, it grew. It was slowly developed out of the common relations between man and man by the decisions of judges who were guided mainly by the principles of justice. These decisions became precedents more or less to succeeding judges, who also applied similar principles to new cases as they arose, and thus still further developed the law. The principles of natural equity are so vital and constant, that a system of jurisprudence that rests back on them, rather than on statutes and dicta, and allows itself to be modified by them, is necessarily a living product; and, therefore, the common law, while in one sense it is the same system from age to age, is growing all the time, is shaping and adapting itself to new relations in society and new cases in litigation. It is alive. And although susceptible at any one time of being digested, in a code which shall exhibit the exact present state of the law, the vital principles of the law itself will work on outside of the code as well as within it, will decide new cases, will enlarge the law, and will, after a while, require a new codification. Moreover, like everything else that is vital, the Common Law sloughs off the useless and obsolete, as a snake does his skin, and though naturally conservative is also necessarily progressive. This common law, which is the natural heritage of all Englishmen, belongs just as much to Americans. Our ancestors enjoyed it and helped to develop it in England, and brought it with them as a sacred treasure to these shores. It lies at the foundation of the jurisprudence of every one of our States, Louisiana alone excepted. It has been modified and developed in all the States according to the social condition and legal exigencies of each. It has been codified in some of the States, as in New York; it has been incorporated into statutes in others, as in Massachusetts; but it remains in all a vigorous system still, instinct with manly rights, and full of the very breath of liberty. It is the greatest glory of England, and has contributed quite as much as their political system to the boasted freedom of Englishmen.

The Civil Law on the other hand is the ancient Roman Law. It is less flexible and vital than the English law, but as perfect in its forms as the other is admirable in its spirit. It knows nothing of any jury (the jury is a purely English institution); but leaves everything, facts and law, to the judge. The Romans above any people that has ever lived on the face of the earth were a nation of citizens. The citizen feeling during all the best ages of the republic predominated over every other feeling. Everything was subordinated to the State. But the State was a city. It was Rome. There was the sharpest contrast shown between the citizen and the non-citizen, as well as between the freeman and the slave.

To be a Roman citizen was honor enough, and generally protection enough, anywhere. Among a people who were so pre-eminently citizens, the forms of municipal law were well-nigh perfected. The relation of citizen to citizen in marriage, in inheritance, in traffic, in debt, in court, in house, and in city, are nowhere more sharply and equitably defined than in the Roman law. Accordingly the Roman law survived when the Roman dominion perished. And even in England itself, and in the United States also, the admiralty courts are guided by the forms and precedents of the Civil Law. That is the reason why we have no jury in prize cases.

Judge Betts in his prize courts in New York adjudicates upon millions of dollars of property without the sign of a jury. That is Roman, not English. All the German States have the Civil Law. It is studied in their universities, just as Blackstone is studied in our law-school. And the famous Code Napoleon in France, which is said to reflect so much honor on the first Bonaparte, is derived substantially from the Civil Law. It is beyond doubt a most admirable municipal code; and what wealth of legal wisdom must not the Civil Law contain, when so many and such diverse States can draw from it the substance of their laws!—*Springfield Republican.*

ROBIN ADAIR.

Robert Adair, the hero of the song, was well known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the *sobriquet* of the "Fortunate Irishman;" but his parentage and the exact place of his birth are unknown. He was brought up as a surgeon, but his devotion to an early amour drove him precipitately from Dublin, to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the Channel when the chain of lucky events that ultimately led him to fame and fortune commenced.

Near Holyrood, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant of this vehicle was a lady of fashion, well known in polite circles, who received Adair's attentions with thanks; and, being slightly hurt, and hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival in the metropolis the prescien ben with a fee of one hundred guineas, and gave him a general invitation to her house. In after life Adair used to say that it was not so much the amount of this fee, but the time it was given, that was of a civic to him, as he was then almost destitute. But the invitation to her house was a still greater service, for there he met the person who decided his fate in life. This was Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and of Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Forgetting her high lineage, Lady Caroline, at the first visit of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him, and her emotions were so sensible and visible as to attract the general attention of the company.

Adair, perceiving his advantage, lost no time in pursuing it; while the Alexanders and Richmonds famous were dismayed at the prospect of such a terrible mesalliance. Every means were tried, to induce the young lady to alter her resolution, but without effect.

Adair's biographer tells us that many years, a long, long time after, when the Duke of Argyle and other common mortals had long since died, and when the name of Adair was forgotten, the Duchess of Argyle, then a young girl, was present at a ball given by the Duke of Richmond, at which the Prince Regent was present. The Prince, struck with the beauty of the young Duchess, asked her name. "Adair, your Royal Highness," was the reply. "Adair!" said he, starting, "is it possible that I am in the presence of a descendant of Robin Adair?" The Duchess, who was ignorant of the song, replied in the negative. "Then," said he, "you must learn it, for it is the favorite air of your mother's country." The Duchess did learn it, and sang it to the Prince, who was delighted with it.

Lady Caroline Adair's married life was short, but happy. She died of consumption, after giving birth to three children, one of them a son. On her death-bed she requested Adair to wear mourning for her as long as he lived; which he scrupulously did, save on the King's and Queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear at court in full dress. If this injunction concerning mourning were to prevent Adair from marrying again, it had the desired effect; he did not marry a second time, though he had many offers.

Adair seems to have been a universal favorite among both women and men; even Pope Gargenelle conceived a strong friendship for him when he visited Rome. Adair's only son by Lady Keppel served his country with distinction as a diplomatist, and died in 1855, aged ninety-two years, then being the Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, G. C. B., the last surviving political and private friend of his distinguished relative, Charles James Fox. His memory, though not generally known, has been also enshrined in a popular piece of poetry; for, being expressly educated for the diplomatic service at the University of Gottingen, planning satisfied him in *The Rovers*, as "Rogero," the unfortunate udem-lover of "Sweet Matilda Pottingen."

Idolatry in China.

Rev. S. Wells Williams, the well-known missionary and author, writes from China to the New York *Observer* that "the Emperor of China still regards it as his prerogative to deify mortal men, and command his subjects to worship them," and adds:—

"The Pekin *Gazette* lately contained several notices of rewards, honors conferred by the Emperor (who is, by virtue of his position, the Son of Heaven, and Vice regent of Heaven and Earth), upon the gods of certain cities for exerting themselves to preserve them from the power of the rebels. They are samples of many such memorials inserted in the Government paper at Pekin, and their requests are always granted, though the funds for carrying the plan into effect are generally raised among the people who are to be benefited. One of the memorials referred to is as follows:—

"'July 11.—The Governor of the Province of Shensi reports, that in the assault upon the city of Ning-shen by the Mohammedan insurgents on the 8th of March, they brought up a force of over twenty thousand horse and foot, and most violently attacked it. The troops on the ramparts were struck with fear, but after a few discharges of their cannon, a flame was seen to issue and rise up from the municipal temple, and the enemy immediately fell back in alarm. Some Rebel prisoners taken afterwards said—'Just as we assaulted the city, we saw on the wall a godlike man, wearing a turban and green robe, gigantic in size and of severe aspect, who pointed with his hand, and from his lofty position could look into the city and direct several myriads of horse and foot following him. We therefore fled in affright.' The gentry of the place, who corroborated the story of the retreat, also informed me that the god who dwelt in the municipal temple had often exhibited his spiritual power for their protection. This attack upon the city was therefore another instance in which he repaid the honors given to him; and the testimony of the Rebels proves that the appearance they saw was like the appearance of the god of the municipal temple. I therefore request that a memorial tablet may be granted for the divine protection manifested on this occasion; for it would not be proper to oppose the united wishes of the gentry and people after their experience of this rescue. The Emperor's will has been received. Let it be as requested.'"

Mr. Williams adds:—

"In Macao, where Chinese and Portuguese leave each other to the free employment of their religious rites, the former apply the same name to the images in the churches of the latter, their processions on Corpus Christi and other festivals, and to the services of the priests in their ceremonies, that they do the idols in their own Buddhist temples, and the processions and performances of their priests. In some shops, images of the Crucified, of the Virgin, and Bambino, St. Antonio and others are sold with images of the Goddess of Mercy, God of War, of Wealth, and other Chinese gods."

—A gentleman complaining of the income tax says he cannot put on his boots in the morning without a stamp.

IKE HEARD FROM.—Mrs. Partington discourses concerning Ike:—"Betsy Jane writ to you about poor Isaac bein' grafted into our noble army; it was during the late prevailing restriction. I've been so dreadful uneasy, laws a me! But Dan'l, at last we've heard of him by a neighbor who is home on a furlow. He—poor innocent! at on't took his place, so neighbor Tibbins says, as First Corpulent, and soon proved so deficient that he was promoted to be an Ordinary Surgeon—poor child! But what the blessed dear knows about taking up arterials, and computation of lims, and the like, surpasses me. Howsumever, if he can be the humble implement in the hands of the Lord of saving the lives of the gallus fellows whose hands have been desemminated by the bursting open of pontoons and things, why, we must sacrifice him freely, and may the Lord have mercy on his solar system."

AN AWFUL PUN.—Walter was engaged in a discussion as to the probable loss of a future existence by mankind. "The doubts and anxieties on the subject are agonizing," said he. "Would that I were of heathen, and then I should have all my doubts resolved in this life." "Why a hen," asked Persephone. "Because," said Walter, with a solemn air, "they have hens to scratch in this!"

SHORT STORIES.—Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a lowland lassie waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well, Mr ——," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "There're verra pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird, "but they're unco short."

MERCY versus MONEY.—If men were a savage, the principle of venting only merit might be true; but in civilized society, we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now in civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man will a good coat on his back meet with a better reception than he who has a worse one. You may analyze this, and say what is there in it? But fact will avail you nothing, for it is part of a general system. In civilized society, a round sum will move you much more readily.

MONEY HONEY.—A player applied to the manager of a respectable company for an engagement for his wife, stating that he had once been capable of playing the first line of business, but as for himself he was "the worst actor in the world." They were engaged, and the lady an actress of character which he had given her. The greater fool to take the part of a mere walking gentleman! I set him for the first appearance before the manager, and, mildly, how he could put her in such a paltry part. "Oh," answered another, "here is your part, sir," stating that you were the worst actor in the world." "True," replied the other, "but then I had not seen you."

THE TWO CARLYLES.—The first Carlyle was an enthusiast, the last Carlyle is a cynic. From enthusiasm to cynicism, from the spirit of reverence to the spirit of contempt, the way seems long, but the condition of arriving seems simple. Pierce love, and the whole road is passed over. Divorce love from truth, and truth ceases to be open and receptive—cannot be a positive function, turns into acrid criticism, bitter disdain, cruel and hollow laughter, empty of all inward peace. Such is the road which Carlyle has passed over, from his earnest, hopeful youth to his bitter old age. His only use to us now is in this moral which we have attempted to draw from his career.

WHY A FAMILY DINES AT THE RESTAURANT INSTEAD OF AT HOME.—You may rest assured the digestive apparatus discovered the proverb, "Slow going is healthy going, healthy going is long going—or, slow and sure goes many a day." Now, in a man's own house soup is on the table at the appointed time, the roast is taken off the spit, the dessert is spread. The servants force you to eat fast that they may have more time for their dinner; they do not wait on you—they suffocate you. At a restaurant you are served in a very different manner. You are not pressed; you wait. I always take care to say to the waiters:—"Don't give yourselves too much trouble about me. I like to wait. I come here to wait." Besides, in a restaurant the door opens every minute, and an acquaintance, a comrade, or a friend enters. You talk, you exchange news or ideas, you laugh, you are gay. It is not the viscera, it is the mind which is at table. You make or repeat or hear some *bon mots*, you recall some agreeable souvenir—dinner is over before you thought it commenced. You have dined and digested at the same time; and no animal but a boa-constrictor takes pleasure in digestion. This is the reason I live in Paris like a bachelor Englishman or Russian on a visit to this city.—*Spiridion" in Boston Gazette.*

FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.—In the section of Economic Science and Statistics, at the meeting of the British Association on Thursday, Professor Levi read a paper, entitled "Statistics of the Number and Occupations of Foreigners in England." The census of 1861 showed that there were in England 84,000 foreigners, in a total population of 20,000,000, or in the proportion of 0·41 foreigners for every 100 natives, or 241 British subjects for every foreigner. In France there were 500,000 foreigners in a population of 37,000,000, or 1·35 foreigners for every 100 natives, or 73 natives for every foreigner. In the United States there were 4,000,000 foreigners in a population of 27,000,000, or 15 foreigners to 100 natives, or about 7 natives to one foreigner. In Spain there were 55,000 foreigners in a population of 16,000,000, or in the proportion of 0·22 foreigners to 100 natives, or 447 natives to every one foreigner. The population of foreigners in New York was nearly as two to one of the natives. Professor Levi dwelt on the occupations of foreigners in England, and it appeared that, as compared with the whole number of females, and generally foreigners were engaged in useful industries. There were about 1,700 foreigners in prisons in a total of 120,000. Of 92 persons who suffered the penalty of death from 1857 to 1863, 6 were foreigners.

THE CAT-AGE.—The palmy days for cats were in the time of Egypt's power as a nation, some five hundred years B. C. They were held there as sacred as dogs or crocodiles, and death was the penalty for killing them. From their nocturnal habits and glossy fur, the Egyptians deemed them symbolical of the moon, and a golden cat was worshipped at Sycne. Herodotus tells us some marvels about them. "The Toms," it seems, in his time, had a peculiar liking for making a way with kittens—a very fortunate thing, too, or the land would have been overrun with cats. Knowing wonder of all, when a row broke out, the sole care of the natives was to keep the cats from it, to do which they post themselves as guards around the burning house, and take no thought for putting out the flames.

A divine impulse, however, says the chronicler, seizes the cats; they dart under the men, or leap over them, and fling themselves into the flames; then great mourning takes possession of the land. If a cat were found dead in any one's house, the inmates had to shave off their eyebrows. The defunct animals were carried into the temples, where they were embalmed and solemnly deposited in the city of Bubastis. Specimens may be seen in the British Museum. Very different is their fate at modern Rome. A recent traveler tells us they are there as highly esteemed for culinary purposes as puppy-dogs in China. If you have a roast hare for dinner, you had better not make too many inquiries as to what kind of "pussy" it was before it came into the *chef's* hands.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Friday night while the schooner *Onatario* of Rockland, from Philadelphia for Boston with coal, was passing through the Sound of Montauk, she sprung a leak, and in twenty minutes after she foundered and went down, carrying with her four of her crew. Her Captain and principal owner, J. L. Jameson, and one seaman, succeeded in getting into the rigging and climbed to the topmast head, where they remained until the steamer *Empire City* came along, when by their shouts they arrested the attention of Captain Brayton, who immediately stopped his steamer and sent the boat, under command of the Chief Mate, James Johnson, and took them off and brought them on board the steamer, where they were kindly cared for. A subscription was started on board the boat and about one hundred dollars was raised for them, to which some of the Masons of Boston added fifty dollars. The two men who were rescued saved nothing but what they had on at the time.

The names of the men lost were O. W. Candage, of Rockland, single man, mate; G. W. Hopkins, steward, of Camden, Me., married; Phineas Barker, of Massachusetts, seaman; Henry ——, seaman.

The vessel was principally owned by the captain, and was not insured. He estimates his loss at from $8000 to $9000.—*Portland Daily News, October 31.*

A SUBSTITUTE SWALLOWS FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS.—Some of the most artful and desperate men known in the list of criminals of this and other countries are now engaged in the dangerous but lucrative operation of "bounty jumping" in this country, and some of the worst of these characters have, in the course of their eventful career, come under the jurisdiction of Provost Marshal Blumenburg. One of these cases was before him, a few days ago, in the person of one Charles Wright, who represents himself a Canadian, and who became a substitute for a drafted man of this city. In order to insure the safe delivery of substitutes at the general rendezvous, without the necessity of furnishing a strong escort, the plan has been adopted of taking from them the principal portion of the money found upon them, and sending it to the rendezvous, to be returned to them upon their arrival at that point. The man in question, after eating his dinner at the office of Captain Blumenburg, was requested to hand over his money for the purpose above mentioned. He replied that he had but about fifty dollars with him, which statement, however, Captain Lee, Deputy Provost Marshal, was unwilling to accept, in consequence of information in his possession to the contrary. After a thorough search of the person of Wright, it was decided that he must have swallowed some money, and an emetic was procured and administered to him, but without effect. A second was then given, and in a short time, Wright was seized with vomiting, and threw up a hundred dollar note on the Chesapeake Bank of this city. In a brief space, he threw up a second, a third, and a fourth. He then confessed that he had swallowed each note separately, while eating his dinner, by placing them in pieces of tomato. The money is now in the custody of the Provost Marshal, as well as Wright; and unless it should be positively ascertained, as it is believed, that he is a "bounty jumper," it will be returned to him upon his arrival at the general rendezvous for drafted men and substitutes.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

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PATENTED JULY 19, 1864.—JOSEPH MOTHET, Ehrs du Patis, French Steam Dyeing and Scouring on any kind of wearing apparel, or Ladies' Dress, also on Children's. Patent apparatus for stretching parts from one to two inches. No. 26 SOUTH SIXTH Street, Branch No. 209 S. NINTH Street, Philadelphia. ap8-6m

TO SHIP CAPTAINS AND OWNERS.—The undersigned having leased the KENSINGTON SCREW DOCK, begs to inform his friends and patrons of the Dock, that he is prepared with increased facilities to accommodate those having vessels to be raised or repaired. Having a practical ship-carpenter and caulker, will give personal attention to all vessels entrusted to him for repairs.

Captains or Agents, Ship-Carpenters, and Machinists having vessels for repair, are solicited to call.

During the autumn for the sale of "Warfstedtz' Patent Metallic Composition," or Copper Paint, for the preservation of vessels' bottoms, for this city, I am prepared to furnish the same on favorable terms.

JOHN H. HAMMITT,
Kensington Screw Dock,
oct5-1m Delaware avenue, above Laurel street.

SHIPPING.

STEAM WEEKLY TO LIVERPOOL touching at QUEENSTOWN, Cork Harbor. The first-class steamers of the Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia Steamship Company are intended to sail as follows:—

GLASGOW, Saturday, November 5.
CITY OF MANCHESTER, Saturday, November 12.
CITY OF LONDON, Saturday, November 19.

And every succeeding Saturday, at noon, from Pier No 44 North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE PAYABLE IN CURRENCY.

First Cabin to Liverpool.....$100 00 Steerage.....$40 00
First Cabin to London (via Steerage to London).....$0 00
First Cabin to Paris.....$0 00 Steerage to Paris.....$0 00
First Cabin to Hamburg (via Steerage to Hamburg).....$0 00

Passengers also booked to Queenstown, Belfast, Londonderry, Rotterdam, Antwerp, &c., at equally low rates.

Fares from Liverpool or Queenstown—First Cabin, $60, $70, $80. Steerage from Liverpool and Queenstown, $30. Those wishing to send for their friends can buy tickets here at these rates.

For further information apply at the Company's office, No. 113 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

JOHN G. DALE, Agent.

BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA STEAMSHIP LINE.—Regular Line, sailing from each port on SATURDAYS, from first wharf above PINE street, Philadelphia, and Long Wharf, Boston. From first wharf above PINE Street, on Saturday, November —, 1864.

No steamer from Philadelphia this week.

The steamship NORMAN will sail from Boston for Philadelphia on Saturday, November 5, at 4 o'clock P. M.

These new and substantial steamships form a regular line, sailing from each port punctually on Saturdays.

Insurances effected at one-half the premium charged on sail vessels.

Freights taken at fair rates.

Shippers are requested to send Slip Receipts and Bills Lading with their goods.

For Freight or Passage (having fine accommodations) apply to HENRY WINSOR & CO., No. 132 DELAWARE Avenue.

FOR LIVERPOOL, TUESDAY, November 15.

The British ship PHILADELPHIA, Captain C. F. Pool, will sail for the above port on the 15th November.

Steerage $35 in currency.

THOMAS RICHARDSON & CO., 10-29 No. 101 WALNUT Street.

FOR NEW YORK.—DESPATCH and Swiftsure Lines, via Delaware and Raritan Canal. The steamers of these lines are leaving daily at 12 o'clock M., and 5 o'clock P. M., from third pier above Walnut street.

For freight, which will be taken on accommodating terms, apply to WILLIAM M. BAIRD & CO., No. 1214 DELAWARE Avenue.

RAILROAD LINES.

PHILADELPHIA, GERMANTOWN, AND NORRISTOWN RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

On and after MONDAY, May 16, 1864, until further notice.

FOR GERMANTOWN.

Leave Philadelphia at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 A. M.; 1, 2, 3, 3½, 4, 5, 6, 6¾, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 P. M.

Leave Germantown, 6, 7, 7:30, 8, 8:30, 9, 10, 11, 12 A. M. 1, 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6, 6¾, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 P. M.

The 3½ P. M. train will run on Saturdays only.

The 6¾ P. M. train will run on Saturdays only, do not stop on the Germantown Branch.

CHESTNUT HILL RAILROAD.

Leave Philadelphia, 6, 8, 10, 12 A. M.; 2, 3½, 5½, 7, 8 and 11 P. M.

Leave Chestnut Hill, 7:10, 8, 9:40, 11:40 A. M.; 1:10, 3:40, 5:40, 6:40, 8:40, and 10:40 P. M.

FOR CONSHOHOCKEN AND NORRISTOWN.

Leave Philadelphia, 6, 9:35, 11:05 A. M.; 1½, 3, 4¾, 5¾, 6¾, 8:05, and 11½ P. M.

Leave Norristown, 6¾, 7, 7:30, 9 and 11 A. M.; 1¾, 4¾, 6¾, and 9 P. M.

The 6¾ train up, will stop at Wissahickon, Manayunk and Conshohocken only.

FOR MANAYUNK.

Leave Philadelphia, 6, 8:35, 11:05 A. M., 1½, 3, 4¾, 5¾, 6¾, 8:05 and 11½ P. M.

Leave Manayunk, 6¼, 7½, 8:20, 9½, 11½ A. M., 2, 5, 7, and 8½ P. M.

H. E. SMITH, General Superintendent.
Depot, SIXTH and GREEN Streets.

NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—FOR BETHLEHEM, DOYLESTOWN, EASTON, MAUCH CHUNK, HAZLETON, WILKESBARRE, WILLIAMSPORT.

FALL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after MONDAY, September 19, 1864, Passenger Trains will leave the NEW DEPOT, THIRD Street, above Thompson, Philadelphia, daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:—

At 7:30 A. M. (Express) for Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarr, Williamsport.

At 8:45 A. M. (Accommodation) for Doylestown.

At 10:15 A. M. (Accommodation) for Fort Washington.

At 2:30 P. M. (Accommodation) for Doylestown.

At 4:15 P. M. (Express) for Bethlehem, Easton, &c.

The train reaches Easton at 6:40 P. M., and makes close connection with the New Jersey Central for New York.

At 4:45 P. M. (Mail) for Doylestown.

At 6:15 P. M. (Accommodation) for Bethlehem, Allentown, and Mauch Chunk.

6 P. M. (Accommodation) for Lansdale.

11 P. M. (Accommodation) for Fort Washington.

Through Tickets must be procured at the Ticket Office, THIRD Street, or BERKS Street, in order to secure the lowest rates of fare.

TRAINS FOR PHILADELPHIA.

Leave Bethlehem at 6:30 A. M., 12:15 noon, and 5:45 P. M.

Doylestown at 5:30 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9:40 P. M.

Lansdale at 6:10 A. M.

Fort Washington at 10:50 A. M. and 1 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS

Phil

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

EXTRACTS FROM REBEL PAPERS.

The Conscription of the Slaves—The Rebel Official Organ Strongly in Favor of it.

The proposition to extend the conscript law to the slaves will not fail to meet with some opposition; but as far as we can judge it is daily increasing in popular favor, and we believe will find favor with a large majority in the next Congress. The *Montgomery Appeal* regards the proposition as "unwise, if not dangerous."

The *Appeal's* objections to the conscription of negroes are, that it involves a serious if not a fatal blow for the institution of slavery; that it will be regarded by the enemy and the world as an admission that our resources in men are exhausted; that our subsistence, already heavily taxed, will be seriously deranged.

The *Mobile Tribune* does not regard the conscription of negroes as necessary now; "the whites are sufficient for the emergency;" but when the exigency arises the *Tribune* is prepared to make any sacrifice—"independence will justify any sacrifice; everything is well spent that purchases the boon." The *Tribune* says:—

> The question of using the slave for service in the army is not by any means a complex one. It is as easy as an abstract mathematical problem, and its solution is simple. But the practical details of the measure are prominent. Every one is accustomed to state, all the platitudes whatever with reference to the employment of negroes, who will not hesitate to answer it with an unqualified affirmative. Less than that is not enough. Less than that is putting off the evil day to an indefinite period. Less than that is temporizing, when temporizing will be suicidal only just as much as though Lincoln's army occupied every foot of our country.

The *Tribune* is not troubled, like the *Appeal*, with difficulties about the negro after the war.

> While we are by no means prepared to say "After us the deluge," we see no necessity for raising prospective difficulties. Free negroes are now among us in very large numbers, and in one State, at least Louisiana, they are permitted to organize military companies and to be drilled, and have never given trouble from their acquisition of military knowledge.
>
> After the war the free negroes will be governed; have proper to their government and control will be required certainly, but not more so than for the white man. As to any confession of present exhaustion, we do not see that it is implied any more in the conscription of negroes than it was in the extension of the Conscript law to embrace persons of fifty years of age. So far from confessing our exhaustion, it is the earnest avowal on the part of our people not to be exhausted, never to give up the contest as long as there is a man, white or black, to bear arms.
>
> Instead of weakness, it is the strongest assurance of using all our power and strength. To bring into service a quarter of a million of men is no confession of exhaustion, no sign of weakness. To proclaim our purpose to add the military strength of four millions of slaves to that of eight millions of whites has, we think, rather the appearance of power than of weakness.
>
> As to the effects of this proposition upon subsistence, it should be borne in mind that the production of supplies is not our present difficulty, but their transportation and distribution; that we have an ample supply of provisions for the whole country, if it was properly distributed. Negroes now do not aid in the transportation of supplies, but, when in the army, they may be used to further that great military end as well as to fight.
>
> The objection that the negroes will give trouble and become dangerous is refuted by their docile and subordinate behavior during this war, when so many of the whites are from home, and when the enemy has been pressing our armies at all points. Never have the negroes been more easily managed, or exhibited more subordination or less sympathy for the Yankees than during the years of this war.
>
> The many thousand who have gone off and are now with the Yankees, went because they were deceived by the flight of so many whites from the Yankees, and because they were deceived by the promises and driven off by the military power of the enemy. This war has not failed to teach the negro the lesson that his interests and those of his master are identical; that his only friend is the master, and that he can find no resting-place with the Yankees. The suffering of those that are with the enemy has been told over and talked over by those who have remained, and the loss, though heavy upon the master, has not been altogether thrown away upon the negroes.
>
> It is objected by some, that to give freedom to the negro soldier is to acknowledge that freedom is a boon, and hence that slavery is wrong—that the strong argument which this war is teaching the world, that slavery is the God-appointed institution for the negro, will be weakened and refuted, if freedom is given as the reward and price of military service—that if negroes are required for the army they should be drafted as slaves, treated as property, when lost in, service paid for, and after the war returned as it were to their owners.
>
> But it should be remembered that whether freedom to the negro be really a blessing or a curse, that many negroes desire it, and are willing to take it even from the Yankees. Freedom is given to the negro soldier, not because we believe that slavery is wrong, but because we must offer to the negroes inducements to fidelity which he regards as equal if not greater than those offered by the enemy. The Yankee makes the negro free at the North.
>
> We offer him freedom at home. Our correspondent "A. B." believes the negro would desert from us to the Yankees, and calls attention to the fact that the negro does not desert from the Yankee to us. The reasons given for this by our correspondent are correct and proper. The Yankee negro at present fears us more than he does the dangers of the Yankee service; but, when once he sees negroes in our army and understands that freedom and a home in the Confederacy is the reward of service in our army; that here the field of labor is open to him, while it is closed in the United States, we believe that the tide of desertion would set strongly in our favor.
>
> But "A. B." says the negroes will not fight. We confess that at one time we entertained the same opinion. A distinguished general officer, writing to us privately, upon this subject (to which we could give no public the weight and influence of his name), answered this objection, He says—"Fort Gilmer, the other day, showed they would fight. They raised each other over the parapet, to be shot as they appeared above." But fighting is not the only duty demanded of soldiers. In the Crimean war over "one hundred thousand men" were employed outside of the army.
>
> The "Work Party Corps," of the British army, employed on roads, was over ten thousand. The negroes are wanted, not only as soldiers, but as laborers and working men, to relieve the soldiers. Organized and drilled, taught and instructed, they will make good and efficient soldiers. Proud of the respect that will be due them after the war, they will be found useful and orderly in time of peace. A home secured them here offers inducements to fidelity which will greatly aid discipline in generating and controlling them. Their organization should give to the President an unlimited power of appointment.
>
> Promotion by seniority and heads of examiners is played out in the army at present; no negro they will never be applied to the army of blacks. The bravest and most soldierly privates of the present army should be selected for company officers—men who will lead the negroes, officers who will devote all their time to instructing and drilling them, not only in the school of the soldier, the squad, and the company, but who will explain to the negroes the nature of their duty as well as the rewards and inducements held out by the people to fidelity and courage. By mingling kindness with firmness, the officers can excite the self-esteem of the negro and teach him to understand that, after the war, he will be respected and protected by the white man, and live in "Old Virginny."
>
> We are not prepared to say that this measure is demanded by our present exhaustion. We do not believe it is. But the future must be provided for—and it must be apparent to every sensible man that the drain upon the population of the Confederate States which this war has made must eventually exhaust those States unless something is done to supply this drain from other sources than the white population. The conscription law cannot be extended to any greater age, and its execution, however much improved, cannot find the men to supply the losses as fast as the campaigns create them. Shall we permit the enemy to use the negroes against us, or shall we make use of them for our defense?
>
> Every man should weigh well this question, and disconnect it altogether from the subject of slavery, emancipation, and other matters. The negroes have their place in this fight, and whether their place be found in our ranks or those of the enemy will be for the Confederate Congress to decide. They are already in the fight, and against us—our own resources of men are being turned against us. Shall we sit idly by, chattering about slavery and emancipation, while minie balls from muskets in negro hands whistle around us.
>
> Had we begun this war with our slaves as well as with their masters, Lincoln could not now boast of his "two hundred thousand colored troops." The past cannot be remedied, but the future may be provided for. Reorganize the army, consolidate the regiments; organize the negroes, and peace will soon follow. Leave affairs as they are, and there will soon be neither army nor negroes, nor Confederate States.

—"When I first married my wife," said a fond husband, "I loved her so much that I could have eaten her; and now," he added, with a sigh, "I wish to Heaven I had."

OUR NAVY.

Donald McKay, Esq., has written the following letter to the Boston *Advertiser*:—

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

During my sojourn in England, before the commencement of the war, I was permitted to inspect all the Royal Dock-Yards, and all the principal private shipbuilding establishments in the kingdom, and communicated, in a condensed form, the result of my observations to the *Commercial Bulletin* and other papers. The letters embodying my views were copied extensively, and when the Rebellion broke out were referred to by naval writers in complimentary terms. From England I proceeded to France, where every facility was afforded me to examine the dockyards of the empire.

In the navies of these great powers I saw much that was new, and much that I thought might be copied with advantage by our own Navy Department, and, on my return communication with some of its officers. My suggestions were always received with marked consideration, and some of them were adopted. When war was known to be inevitable, my plans were perfected. I knew the strength of England and France upon the ocean, and the respect which that strength elicited from other nations, and with many others came frequently before the public with a view of developing our own naval resources. I saw that those Powers respected nothing but force, and knew that if we desired to prevent foreign interference in our affairs, our navy must be largely increased.

I refer to these facts at this time to show that, when I write of naval affairs, I write of that which I know, and which will stand the test of fair minded scrutiny. Nothing is easier than to find fault, and I can state from my own experience that, with all my care, I never yet built a vessel that came up to my own ideal; I was constantly in search of the which I desired to improve. But I should feel myself guilty of dealing unfairly by my ships had been judged by their blemishes rather than by their merits. The same rule I propose to apply to a review of our naval affairs, that those interested may see what has been done and is still doing by the Navy Department.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion, the navy of the United States consisted of the following steamers, namely:—The screw frigates Merrimac, Wabash, Minnesota, Roanoke, and Colorado, of about 3500 tons each; of the large screw sloop Niagara, of 4583 tons; of the first-class screw sloops Richmond, Brooklyn, San Jacinto, Hartford, Pensacola, and Lancaster, of about 2900 tons each; of the second-class sloops Pawnee, Iroquois, Wyoming, Mohican, and Dacotah, of about 1577 tons each; of the third class sloops Narragansett and Seminole, of about 800 tons each; of the first-class paddle-wheel sloops Susquehanna and Powhatan, of about 2450 tons, the Mississippi, of 1692 tons, and the Saranac, of 1446 tons; and of small paddle-wheel steamers Michigan, Saginaw, and Spitfire, of about 479 tons each; making a total of 28 steamers and 40,700 tons.

The maximum speeds of those vessels in smooth water, and for a short time, were as follows, in knots per hour, namely:—Niagara, 10·9; Merrimack, Wabash, Minnesota, Roanoke, and Colorado, 9; Brooklyn, 9·2; San Jacinto, 8·8; Hartford and Lancaster, 9·5; Richmond, 7·5; Pawnee, 8; Iroquois, Wyoming, Mohican, and Dacotah, 11·7; Narragansett and Seminole, 8; Susquehanna and Powhatan, 11; Mississippi, 8·7; Saranac, 9·2; Saginaw, 9; Water Witch, 9; Michigan, 10·5. The Pensacola proved a total failure, and the machinery had to be removed.

Such was the steam navy with which the Administration began the task of rigorously blockading 3500 miles of the most difficult coast in the world, against the fastest and best steamers that the shops of England could produce, built exclusively for speed and blockade-running at the particular localities; in addition to which the oceans of the world were to be kept free of the steamers called Confederate cruisers, but which were in reality English pirates, being built in England, equipped with English guns, and manned by English crews, whose purpose was not to fight our cruisers as war vessels, but to plunder our sailing merchant ships, and to keep out of the paths of our war steamers. With the enormous advantage of having all the ports of the world, except those of the country they pretended to belong to, open to them for coaling, repair, refuge, when closely pursued, and sale of the most valuable and less bulky portion of their plunder; and with the sympathy and active co-operation of the officials of those ports; and with the strong incentive of the free plunder of a large, rich, and defenseless commerce, without the slightest personal danger, even if captured, it is indeed miraculous they should have been able to do us the little injury they have.

The means at the command of the Administration for building a steam navy to achieve the herculean task just indicated were about two dozen machine shops, great and small, distributed from Maine to Maryland, many of them very small and without the tools, workmen, or skill requisite for the production of marine machinery. The first-class shops did not exceed eight in number. But the entire force of those shops could not be commanded by the Navy Department for the construction of new machinery. They were the engineering establishments that the greatest confusion ensues at the post-office, at any resident in Paris will tell you; one is lucky if one's letters reach him two days behind time during that week of excitement, and woe to the luckless wight who omits to send his card to every individual of his acquaintance, from the *dame de ses pensees* to the man with whom he may have exchanged a single bow during the past year.

The celebration of the Jewish New Year occupies forty-eight hours, but is not fatal to the purse, as is the French Jour de l'An. The day for exchanging presents among the Israelites is the anniversary of the triumph of Esther and the fall of Mordecai. There are 90,000 Jews in France; admitting the population of the country to be forty millions, there is one Jew for every four hundred Frenchmen. It is curious to remark the number of that peculiar race who have of latter years fascinated the world by their musical genius. Strauss, Meyerbeer, Henri, Herz, Mendelssohn, Schulhoff, Halevy, were all Jews, as is Offenbach, whose sparkling and popular opera, *Orphee aux enfers*, indicates so much musical genius. We must not forget that Rachel was a Jewess *de par sang*.

MARVELS OF A MAN.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of digesting the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the fibres of the living animal; but at the moment of death, it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acid.

There is dust on the sea and land—in the valley and on the mountain top—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the miasmic dungeon, and visits the deepest and darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out; no drawer is so secret as to escape its presence.

Every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, which yet is not blinded, because there is a reservoir of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads itself over the surface of the eyeball, at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. This liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acridity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would not spare the eyelids, were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactories, whose errand over their release a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeballs washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to rebreathe it mingled with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while, if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the moment it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to higher regions, above the breathing point, there to be rectified, rejuvenated, and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning.

But foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature—wisely economical in all her works and ways—turns it to good account in the passage through the organs of voice, and makes it the whisper of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweet strains of ravishing music, and the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with his body, a circle, making the navel the centre, will just take in the head, the finger ends and the feet. The distance from "toe to toe" is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot; while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin is one-tenth of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two, of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon—representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre, and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of the earth—a spark of fire—a drop of water—a grain of gunpowder—an atom of charcoal!

But looking at him in another direction, these elements shadow forth the higher qualities of a diviner nature, or of an immortal existence. In that spark is the colonge which speaks of irrepressible activity; in that drop is the water which begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acid.

There is dust on the sea and land—in the valley and on the mountain top—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the miasmic dungeon, and visits the deepest and darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out; no drawer is so secret as to escape its presence.

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—Hon. John A. Bingham (Union) delivered forty speeches during the late Ohio canvass.

—A profound dealer in statistics:—"Only sixty-five persons out of one thousand marry; of this sixty-five, three are divorced, eight run away, fourteen live like cats and dogs, thirty are indifferent, and ten are happy. Miserable world!"

PRESENT TO MR. LINCOLN.—Dr. H. W. Bellows, President of the United States Sanitary Commission, when about to return to his home from California, was made the bearer of a present of great beauty and value from a few citizens of that State to President Lincoln. The present in question is a gold box, about three inches long and one and a half inches wide. On the lid of the box is a plate of oval shape, engraved entirely of gold quartz, highly polished; in the centre of the plate are the letters "A. L." neatly engraved. On opening the box a number of singularly beautiful golden crystals are seen, imbedded in blue velvet. This unique and valuable present was placed in the hands of the President by Dr. Bellows on Thursday last.

FLOATING POST OFFICES.—The steamers on the "Bay Line," running between Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, have been fitted up with special rooms and accommodations for their "floating post offices," as they are familiarly called. These offices have regular post office clerks to work them, and all the sophistries needed to make them as ridiculous and rotten as post offices in land. The adoption of this mail matter on the boats cuts a gain of twelve hours over the old system in the transmission of correspondence to and from the Army of the Potomac. This improvement has been made under the supervision of Colonel A. H. Markland, the postal-route special agent of the Post Office Department, on duty with Lieutenant General Grant.

A SIGNIFICANT REMITTANCE.—A colored regiment, just paid off, sent home by the Express Company $65,000, or nearly $50 a man on the average. The pay received by a private for his thirteen months' service was $181, and out of that had to be deducted an average of about $30 for extra clothing, worn out in excessive fatigue duty, the amount of various little losses of arms and equipments, and sutler's bills, varying from $10 to $20 each. This remittance came from men, many of whom have been chattels, whom Northern Democrats (?) taunt and ridicule as worthless, improvident, and unable to take care of themselves. They have proved that they can fight. They are now proving that they can manage their own economical affairs.—*Boston Transcript.*

A DAY'S RECEIPTS FOR AMUSEMENT.—The telegraph informs Mr. Leonard Grover, the director of the Grand German Opera and the manager of theatres in Washington and Philadelphia, that his receipts at the various places under his direction reached, yesterday, the enormous aggregate of over one thousand one hundred and fifty dollars in a single day. In Washington, at his theatre, eight hundred and fifty; in Philadelphia, at the Chesnut street theatre, matinee and evening, eleven hundred and fifty dollars; sales in Philadelphia for his opera company at the Academy of Music, twenty-eight hundred dollars; in Providence, Grand German Opera last night, sixteen hundred and fifty dollars; Grand Opera Matinee here yesterday, nineteen hundred, and sales for the concert to-night over seven hundred dollars. Of this amount the Government will receive, through revenue and income tax, nearly one thousand dollars. A pretty good basket for the war fund.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, October 29.*

WITTILY HIDDEN.—On one occasion he (John Maxwell) was closely pursued by some soldiers in Edinburgh, and, running down a narrow close, took refuge in a "change-house," where he begged the landlady to hide him. The only available place of concealment was a large new meal chest, painted with a padlock, in which he had hardly ensconced himself, and heard the key made all secure, when the house was filled and surrounded by his pursuers, who loudly exclaimed that they were certain he was there. "Seek the hoos and ye will," replied the gudewife; "it's no sae muckle as 'll keep ye lang." The soldiers did so, and without success, and next demanded liquor; on sliding down to discuss which, seats being scarce, one of them jumped upon the meal store, and all expressing their wonder at where the —— while could have got to; when the man on the barrel suddenly exclaimed, "They hide ony gate; may be he's in this very kist; gudewife, gie's the key till we see!" The remark was anything but pleasant to John Maxwell, who overheard all; but the matron's nerves fortunately did not fail her. With great address, and without a moment's delay, she flung open the room door, and, curling her lip in scorn, she roared over the landing:—"Lassie, rin awa tae the gude man for the key o' the girnel, till we see gin a Whig can lie in meal, and no gie a honest wife." The ruse succeeded—the soldiers laughed, and, asking no more about him, went off without waiting for the return of the landlord; and John Maxwell, who had successfully struggled against any tickling sensations in his throat, came safely out, and made his escape to Ireland.—*The Humorous Incidents of Life, by Sir Andrew Amos.*

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.
REV. HENRY S. WHITE,

Chaplain in the United States Army, recently in possession of the hands of the Rebels, will give the latest inside view of the Rebellion, at
CENTRAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
Vine Street, near Thirteenth.
TO-MORROW EVENING.
Services to commence at 7½ o'clock. A collection for the Christian Commission will be taken up.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, THIRD Street.—The last sermon to the Sunday School and Young will be preached in this Church To-morrow Afternoon. Service at 3 o'clock.

ELEVENTH BAPTIST CHURCH, TWELFTH STREET, above Race. Rev. J. HYATT SMITH will preach Sabbath evening, November 6, at 7 o'clock. Subject:—The relation of Christ to the Primitive Church, and the duty of Christian citizens in view of the same.

REDDING, SIXTEENTH AND COATES.—Preaching 10½ and 7½ by Rev. A. MANSHIP SAcrament at 3. All invited.

GREEN HILL HALL SEVENTEENTH AND POPLAR.—Preaching to-morrow at 10½ and 7. Evening subject, "The Standard of Liberty Unfurled."

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST, TWELFTH ST., above Wallace.—Preaching to-morrow, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., by GEO. G. MULLINS, of Kentucky.

CHRIST DEFENDED AGAINST THE ATTACKS of the several calumniators, by Rev. JOHN CHAMBERS, to-morrow at 3½ P. M., in his church.

MORAVIAN CHAPEL, HALL SIXTH AND GIRARD Avenue.—Rev. H. S. HOFFMAN, by request, will repeat a discourse on Annihilation of the Wicked, to-morrow, 7½ P. M. Strangers welcome.

WEST ARCH STREET PRESBYTERIAN Church—Rev. E. L. STANTON, D. D., Professor in Derwille Theological Seminary, Ky., will preach in this Church to-morrow morning, at 10½ o'clock.

WAGNER FREE INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE, COLUMBIA Avenue and SEVENTEENTH St.—Preaching to-morrow afternoon, at 3½ o'clock, by Rev. FRANK L. ROBBINS. Seats free. Sabbath School at 2 o'clock.

MEDIATION OF CHRIST No. 2.—GENTILE Mysteries, or Heathen Religions.—Preaching this evening, by T. H. STOCKTON, at EBENEZER the WORD Hicrotic Sabbath afternoon, 3½ o'clock. At 10½ A. M. Communion service.

THE PRESENT "NATIONAL CRISIS."—A Sermon on this subject will be preached To-morrow Evening, by the First Pastor of the ARCH streets, at half-past 7 o'clock, by the Pastor, the Rev. G. D. BOARDMAN.

CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, CONCERT HALL.—Rev. E. P. SMITH, Agent of the Christian Commission, will preach at 10½ A. M. and the Pastor, Rev. EDWARD HAWES, will preach at 7½ P. M., on the Patriotic Duty of the Hour.

UNION M. E. CHURCH, FOURTH STREET, below Arch.—Sabbath, November 6. Rev. FRANKLIN MOORE, D. D., will preach in the Morning at 10½ o'clock, and Rev. WILLIAM MAJOR in the Evening at 7½ o'clock.

FIRST REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH, Corner SEVENTH and SPRING GARDEN Streets. Rev. J. H. STEVENS, Pastor, will Preach at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 7½ o'clock P. M. Subject for the evening, "Patriotism."

REV. DR. LANDIS WILL REPEAT, BY SPEcial request, to-morrow, two of his popular sermons, as follows:—3 P. M., THIRTEENTH and GIRARD Avenue, on "The Rock upon which the Church is built." 7½ P. M., at Opera House, ELEVENTH St., above Chesnut, on "Courtship." Collections. All invited.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—CORNER OF BROAD and BRANDYWINE Streets. Subject of Rev. Mr. BARRETTO'S Evening Lecture, "The Kind of Evidence on which the New Church Order Depends." "Greater than all Miracles." In the Morning, 10½ o'clock, his discourse will be on "True Christian Courage—Its Needs in the Present Crisis." The public invited.

SPRING GARDEN HALL, N. W. CORNER of SPRING GARDEN and THIRTEENTH Streets. Meetings of the Church of Christ assembling here every Lord's Day, at 10½ A. M., for worship in the breaking of bread. "Do you think the Lord's death till He comes?" In prayer and praise, and for teaching and admonishing one another, and at 7½ P. M., for the preaching of the Word by CHARLES CAMPBELL.

CALVARY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, LOcust street, above Fifteenth.—Rev. HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, D. D., the former Pastor, will preach to-morrow morning and evening. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, he will address a Missionary Meeting of Children and Youth, to be held in the Lecture Room. All Sunday Schools are invited to attend. The subject in the evening will be the Syrian Massacre of 1860, and their bearing on the missionary work.

THE REV. GEO. W. SMILLY, PASTOR OF the Fifth Congregational Church corner of EIGHTH and GREEN, will commence a series of sermons upon "Man and his destiny," on Sabbath evening, at 7½ o'clock. The course will include a discussion of
The Creation of Man;
The Origin of the Human soul;
The Condition in which it was placed by the Fall;
The Establishment in which it is placed by Redemption;
The Locality and Characteristics of Heaven and Hell.

THE ISRAELITES OF THIS CITY ARE REspecially invited to attend a general meeting at the Sailors' Guards' Hall, in RACE Street, between Fifth and Sixth, on Sunday morning, Nov. 6th, at ten o'clock, for the purpose of establishing a "Theological College," and to take measures to have young men educated for the Jewish ministry. J. Rosenange, M. A., Druzie. Rev. Isaac Leeser, L. J. Leberman, Jos. Einstein, Jas. M. Ash, Chas. Johnson, Sam'l Heckt, Alfred S. Jones, S. Alexander, E. Brunswick.

AMUSEMENTS.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
LEONARD GROVER.....DIRECTOR.

MEMORABLE SEASON
OF
GROVER'S
GRAND GERMAN OPERA.
(Limited by existing engagements to Ten Nights)

GRAND EVERYBODY,
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 7, 1864,
FIRST APPEARANCE
OF THE
GRAND OPERA IN GERMANY,
only time, most positively, of the very favorite Grand Opera,
LA DAME BLANCHE,
GRAND OPERA BY BOIELDIEU.
THEODORE HABELMAN,
His first appearance as Georges Brown.
To which he has kindly consented, at the request and solicitation of numerous friends and admirers.
JOSEPH HERMANS,
His first appearance as Gaveston.
Mr. Hermanns assumes this comparatively light role to give strength to the cast.
ISIDORE LEHMAN,
From Royal Opera, Berlin, as Dubosc; his first appearance in Philadelphia.
Also assumed to give unexampled strength to the cast.
ANTON GRAFF as Meirton.
MADAME BERTHA JOHANNSEN,
Her first appearance as Anna.
MME. SOPHIE DZIURA,
From Imperial Opera, Vienna, as Jenny; her first appearance in Philadelphia.
MADAME ZIMMERMAN, as Margarita
LA DAME BLANCHE has proved this season one among the greatest successes of the Grand German Opera. The very great strength of the cast, the perfection of the grand chorus, the brilliant and spirited ensemble, seem to give a degree of pleasure seldom obtained in Opera.
HABELMAN since, incidentally, ROBIN ADAIR.

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 8, 1864.
Only night, most positively, of
ROBERT LE DIABLE.
GRAND OPERA BY MEYERBEER.
KARL FORBES,
His first appearance since his return from Europe, as Bertram.
The role in which he made his first appearances in London and America, ascended one among his greatest assumptions.
FRANZ HUMMER,
His first appearance as Robert.
THEODORE HABELMAN,
second appearance as Raimbaud.
MADAME JOHANNA ROTTER,
Her first appearance as Alicia, in which she has this season made an enthusiastic success in New York and Boston.
MADAME BERTHA JOHANNSEN,
Second appearance as Princess.
MISS THERESA WOOD,
Her first appearance as Elena.
The remaining cast by Company.
ROBERT is removed entire by the Grand German Opera Company, with extra Orchestra, stage hands, &c. Upon his first presentation in New York and Boston thousands were unable to obtain access to the Academies of Music.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOV. 9, 1864.
Only Night most positively, of Gounod's Grand Opera,
FAUST.
JOSEPH HERMANS,
As Mephistopheles, his very celebrated impersonation. A lyric and dramatic conception and rendition of which a parallel is hardly seen in a generation.
SIGNOR GUISEPPE FAMARO,
His first appearance as Faust.
MARIE FREDERICI,
Her first appearance as Marguerite, (her original assumption).
HEINRICH STEINECKE,
His first appearance as Valentine.
The remaining cast by the Company.
FAUST cannot be repeated during any night of the season.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 10, 1864,
Only time, most positively, of Von Weber's Grand Opera,
DER FREISCHUTZ.
FORMES, HABELMAN, HAIMER, LEHMAN, GRANT, MARIE FREDERICI, MARCHAND, and the GRAND COMPANY.
FORMES in his famous assumption of Caspar the Reckless.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 11, 1864,
Only time, most positively, of Haley's Grand Opera,
THE JEWESS.
With its grand cast. It will be impossible to repeat this very favorite Opera, which upon two occasions during the New York season, was witnessed by the LARGEST AUDIENCES EVER CONGREGATED at Opera in the entire world.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Reserved Seats in Parquet, Parquet Circle or 1 Balcony.....$1.50
Add a trifle to the above places.....1.00
Family Circle.....50
Amphitheatre.....25
The sale of Reserved Seats will commence on THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING, NOV. 5TH, At the ACADEMY OF MUSIC and GOULD'S MUSIC STORE, when seats for any night may be secured.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.
THIS (Saturday) EVENING, November 5, 1864,
Will be presented the Drama of
MR. BUCHANAN'S WIFE.
Or, which is which and which is whose?
Mr. BUCHANAN.....MR. CHESTER ROBINSON
Mrs. BUCHANAN.....MISS CHESTER ROBINSON
THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.
Acted to the full extent of its original run.
Scenery, Costumes and Properties.
Curtain rises at 7½ o'clock.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S NEW ARCH ST. THEATRE.
THIS (Saturday) EVENING, November 5, 1864,
Will be presented FOUR PIECES DOME.
THIS (Saturday) EVENING, November 5, 1864,
Will be presented the Laughable Farce, in which
MISS KATE REIGNOLDS MAKES HER DEBUT.
The Legendary Drama of
THE FAIRY CIRCLE; OR, DON'T CONGRATULATE TILL YOU'RE SURE.
To be followed by the Farce of
LAW FOR LADIES.
And the Drama of
BARNEY THE BARON.
Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS in SEVEN CHARACTERS.
Every second act dances.

NEW CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE.—LEONARD GROVER & WILLIAM E. SINN, Lessees and Managers.
THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock,
TENTH REGULAR GRAND FAMILY MATINEE.
Which will be presented
THE FORTY THIEVES.
THIS (Saturday) EVENING, November 5, 1864,
MRS. D. P. BOWERS IN TWO SPLENDID PIECES.
THE STRANGER.
Mrs. Haller.....Mrs. D. P. BOWERS.
To conclude with the Comedy, newly revised
THE HONEYMOON.
Monday evening, first time in this city of THE MONASTERY OF ST. JUST; OR, THE JEWESS OF MADRID.

PROPOSALS.

PROPOSALS FOR LETTER BALANCES.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, October 22, 1864.

Sealed Proposals will be received at this Department until the 8th day of December next, at 12 o'clock noon, for furnishing Letter Balances for the use of the post offices in the United States for one year, from and after the first day of December next, of the following descriptions, viz:—

1st. Balances capable of weighing eight ounces avoirdupois weight, to be graded down to quarter ounces. Of these it is supposed 100 will be required of a year.

2d. Balances capable of weighing at least two pounds, avoirdupois weight, to be graded down to half ounces. Of these it is supposed 100 will be required of a year.

Perfect correctness will be required in the balances to be furnished, as well as strength and durability.

Samples of each description of balance must accompany each bid, and the bidder who may obtain the contract will be required to furnish Balances ordered of a quality in all respects equal to the samples.

Each Balance must be well and securely packed in a box for transportation.

The Balances must be delivered free of all charge to the Blank Agency of the Post Office Department, at Washington, D. C., who will accept the same, if perfect and equal to samples.

Each bidder must furnish with his proposals evidence of the ability to comply with his bid. Two sufficient sureties will be required to a contract.

Failures to furnish Balances as contracted for promptly, or the furnishing of those of an inferior quality, will be considered a sufficient cause for the forfeiture of the contract.

Proposals must be endorsed on the outside of the envelope, "Proposals for Letter Balances," and addressed to the First Assistant Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C.

W. DENNISON,
Postmaster-General.

HELMBOLD'S REMEDIES.

HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
For Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, Inflammation or Ulceration of the Bladder or Kidneys, *Diseases of the Prostrate Glands, Stone in the Bladder, Gravel, Chronic or Recent Gonorrhœa*, and all Diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, and Urinal Secretions.

HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
For Weaknesses arising from Excesses in Indiscretion. The constitution once affected with *Organic Weakness* requires the aid of medicine to *strengthen and invigorate the system*, which HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU invariably does. It so treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue.

HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
AND
IMPROVED ROSE WASH
Will radically exterminate from the system Diseases of the Urinary Organs arising from Habits of Dissipation, of *little exposure, little or no change in diet, or inconvenience or exposure*; completely superseding those *unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copaiba and Mercury*, in all these diseases.

HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT OF BUCHU,
In affections peculiar to "FEMALES," is unequaled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Irregularities; Painfulness, or Suppression of Customary Evacuations; Ulcerated, or Schirrous State of the Uterus; Leucorrhœa, and all complaints incident to the sex, whether arising from habits of dissipation, imprudence, or in the decline or change of life.

HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
In all Diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in "Male or "Female," *from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing.* It is pleasant in taste and odor. *Immediate* in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of *Sarsaparilla or Iron.*

Those suffering from *Broken Down or Delicate Constitutions, procure the Remedy at once.*

The reader must be aware that, however right may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect his *Bodily Health, Mental Powers, Happiness, and his Posterity.*

USE HELMBOLD'S
FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU
In all Diseases of the Urinary Organs